EIGHTEENTH CENTURY ESSAYS

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Eighteenth Century Essays.

With slower pen, men used to write,
Of old, when "letters" were "polite;"
In Anna's, *or in* George's *days,*
They could afford to turn a phrase,
Or trim a straggling theme aright.

They knew not steam; electric light
Not yet had dazed their calmer sight;—
They meted out both blame and praise
With slower pen.

More swiftly now the hours take flight!
What's read at morn is dead at night;
Scant space have we for Art's delays,
Whose breathless thought so briefly stays,
We may not work—ah! would we might,
With slower pen!

THE TORY FOXHUNTER.

Eighteenth Century

ESSAYS

Selected and Annotated by

Austin Dobson, 1840-1921

Collecta revirescunt

LONDON
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TO

Mrs. Richmond Thackeray Ritchie.

MADAM,

IN putting the finishing Strokes to that famous Novel of the Eighteenth Century, which is one of the chief Glories of the Nineteenth, the Author of *Esmond* did not neglect one needful and indeed indispensable Detail, the Dedication to an Illustrious Personage. So high a Precedent may not improperly be followed in Cases more obscure. Were Mr. *Thackeray* still among us, the Homage of this Selection of Eighteenth-Century Essays (had he been pleased to accept it) would have belonged of right to the literary Descendant of *Addison* and *Fielding*, of *Goldsmith* and *Steele:* and it would have been my Privilege to have found in it the Pretext for a Tribute (however

(however trifling) to a great Writer whom I love and honour. But alas!

— *nullum*
Saeva Caput Proserpina *fugit:*

and *Fate*, that cannot kill a Noble Work, is absolute over him who gives it Birth. I am reminded, not the less, that there are still written, for our unthinking Moderns, Pages in which it is not difficult to trace some softer Relation to that pure and unaffected Pathos, that keen yet kindly Satire. I presume therefore to offer this little Volume to Mr. *Thackeray's* Daughter.

I am,

MADAM,

Your obedient Servant,

Austin Dobson.

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INTRODUCTION.

THE Eighteenth-Century Essayists, even in the compact editions of Chalmers and Berguer, occupy some forty or fifty volumes. These, again, are only a part of those whose names are given in the laborious list compiled by Dr. Nathan Drake. To compress any representative selection from such a mass of literature within the limits of the 'Parchment Library' is clearly out of the question; and it must therefore be distinctly explained that we are here concerned only with a particular division of the subject. That grave and portentous production—the essay 'critical,' 'metaphysical,' 'moral,' which so impressed our forefathers, has become to us a little lengthy—a little wearisome. Much of it is old-fashioned; something is obsolete. With the march of time philosophy has taken fresh directions; a new *apparatus criticus* has displaced the old; and if we are didactic now, we are didactic with a difference. But the

the sketches of social life and character still retain their freshness, because the types are eternal. *Le jour va passer; mais les badauds ne passeront pas!* As the frivolous chatter of the Syracusan ladies in Theocritus is still to be heard at every Hyde-Park review, as the Crispinus and Suffenus of Horace and Catullus still haunt our clubs and streets, as the personages of Chaucer and Molière and La Bruyère and Shakespeare still live and move in our midst,—so the 'Will Wimbles' and 'Ned Softlys,' the 'Beau Tibbs's' and the 'Men in Black,' are as familiar to us now as they were to the be-wigged and be-powdered readers of the 'Spectator' and the 'Citizen of the World.' We laugh at them; but we sympathise with them too; and find them, on the whole, more enduringly diverting than dissertations on the 'Non-locality of Happiness' or the 'Position of the Pineal Gland.'

In the conviction, therefore, that the majority of the graver essays have lost their interest for the general public, the present gathering is mainly confined to sketches of character and manners, and those chiefly of the humorous kind. The examples chosen will speak so plainly for themselves that any lengthy introduction would only needlessly occupy space; but a few rapid indications with respect to the earlier collections

collections and the succession of the leading writers, will not be superfluous. Setting aside for the moment the 'Scandal Club' of Defoe's 'Review,' the Eighteenth-Century Essay proper may be said to begin with the 'Tatler' by 'Isaac Bickerstaff, Esq.'—the first number of which is dated 'Tuesday, April 12th, '1709.' In appearance it was a modest-looking sheet enough, and not entirely free from the imputations of 'tobacco-paper' and 'scurvy letter' cast upon it by an injured correspondent.* Its price was a penny; and it was issued three times a week. To the first and many subsequent papers was prefixed that well-worn '*Quicquid agunt homines*' which has recently entered upon a new career of usefulness with Lord Beaconsfield's 'Endymion;' and its 'general pur-'pose,' as discovered in the 'Preface' to vol. i., was 'to expose the false arts of life; to pull off the dis-'guises of cunning, vanity, and affectation; and to 'recommend a general simplicity in our dress, our 'discourse, and our behaviour.' Steele's first idea seems to have been to combine the latest news (for which his position as 'Gazetteer' gave him exceptional facilities) with familiar sketches and dramatic and literary notes. But after eighty numbers had

* 'Tatler,' No. 161.

appeared

appeared, he was permanently joined by Addison, and the essay began to assume the definite form which it retained for a century, namely,—that of a short paper, generally on one subject, and headed with a Greek or Latin motto. Then, in January 1711, the 'Tatler' came to an end. Its place was filled, in the following March, by the more famous 'Spectator,' which ran its course until December, 1712. After this, in 1713, came the 'Guardian;' and in 1714 an eighth volume of the 'Spectator' was issued by Addison alone. He was also the sole author of the 'Freeholder,' 1715, which contains the admirable sketch of the 'Tory Foxhunter.' Steele, on his side, followed up the 'Guardian' by the 'Lover,' the 'Reader,' and half-a-dozen abortive efforts; but his real successes, as well as those of Addison, were in the three great collections for which they worked together.

Any comparison of these two masters of the Eighteenth-Century Essay is as futile as it will probably be perpetual. While people continue to pit Fielding against Smollett, and Thackeray against Dickens, there will always be a party for Addison and a party for Steele. The adherents of the former will draw conviction from Lord Macaulay's famous defiance in the 'Edinburgh' *à-propos* of Aikin's 'Life;' those of

of the latter from that vigorous counterblast which (after ten years' meditation) Mr. Forster sounded in the 'Quarterly.' But the real lovers of literature will be content to enjoy the delightfully distinctive characteristics of both. For them Steele's frank and genial humour, his chivalrous attitude to women, and the engaging warmth and generosity of his nature, will retain their attraction, in spite of his literary inequalities and structural negligence; while the occasional coldness and restraint of Addison's manner will not prevent those who study his work from admiring his unfailing good taste, the archness of his wit, his charming sub-humorous gravity, and the perfect keeping of his character-painting. It is needless to particularise the examples here selected from these writers, for they are all masterpieces.

About four-fifths of the 'Tatler,' 'Spectator,' and 'Guardian' was written by Addison and Steele alone. The work of their coadjutors was consequently limited in extent, and, as a rule, unimportant. Budgell, Addison's cousin, whose memory survives chiefly by his tragic end, and a malignant couplet of Pope, was one of the most regular. Once, working on Addison's lines, and aided, it may be, by Addison's refining pen, he made a respectable addition

addition to the 'Coverley' series, which is here reprinted; but we have not cared to preserve any further examples of his style. From Hughes, again, another frequent writer, and an amiable man, whose contributions were for the most part in the form of letters, nothing has been taken. Next, by the amount of his assistance, comes the Bishop of Cloyne and the author of 'Tar-water'—the great and good Dr. Berkeley. Excellent as they are, however, his papers in the 'Guardian' against Collins and the Free-thinkers do not come within our scheme. Among the remaining 'occasionals' were several 'eminent hands.' These, though they may have graced the board, did not add materially to the feast. Pope, who has a couple of papers in the 'Spectator' and eight in the 'Guardian,' is not at his best as an essayist. His satire on 'Dedications,'* and his side-laugh at Bossu in the 'Receipt to make an Epick Poem,'† are the happiest of his efforts. His well-known ironic parallel between the pastorals of Ambrose Philips and his own‡ is admirably ingenious; but, unfortunately, we have come to think the one as artificial as the other. The 'City Shower'§ of Swift scarcely ranks as an

* 'Guardian,' No. 4. † 'Guardian,' No. 78.
‡ 'Guardian,' No. 40. § 'Tatler,' No. 238.

essay

essay at all, and his only remaining paper of importance is a letter on 'Slang.'* This, like Pope's pieces, is too exclusively literary for our purpose. Of Congreve, Gay, Tickell, Parnell, and the long list of obscurer writers, there is nothing that seems to merit the honours of revival.

Between the 'Guardian' of 1713 and the 'Rambler' of 1750-2, there were a number of periodical essayists of varying merit. It is scarcely necessary to recall the names of these now forgotten 'Intelligencers,' 'Moderators,' 'Remembrancers,' and the like, the bulk of which were political. Fielding places one of them, the 'Freethinker' of Philips, nearly on a level with 'those great originals, the "Tatlers" and "Spectators;"' but the initial chapters to the different books of 'Tom Jones' attract us more forcibly to the author's own 'Champion,' written in conjunction with the Ralph who 'makes Night hideous' in the 'Dunciad.' Those utterances, however, which can with any certainty be attributed to Fielding, bear such obvious signs of haste that it is scarcely fair to oppose any of them to the more finished and leisurely efforts of Addison. Another of Fielding's enterprises in the 'Spectator'

* 'Tatler,' No. 230.

vein

vein was the 'Covent Garden Journal,' 1752. This, besides a remarkable paper on the 'Choice of Books,' contains a masterly essay on 'Profanity,'* including a character sketch of the most vigorous kind; but the very fidelity of the picture unfits it for a modern audience.

Concurrently with the 'Covent Garden Journal' appeared the final volume of Johnson's 'Rambler,' a work upon the cardinal defect of which its author laid his finger when, in later life, he declared it to be 'too wordy.' Coming from the Arch-Priest of magniloquence, this is no light admission. He seems also to have been fully alive to its want of variety, and frequently regretted that his labours had not been occasionally relieved by some lighter pen, in which connection (according to Arthur Murphy) he was accustomed to quote sonorously his own fine lines to Cave:

'Non ulla Musis pagina gratior,
'Quam quæ severis ludicra jungere
'Novit, fatigatamque nugis
'Utilibus recreare mentem.'

Lady Mary said in her smart way that the 'Rambler' followed the 'Spectator' as 'a packhorse would do a

* 'Covent Garden Journal,' Nos. 10 and 33.

'hunter;'

'hunter;' but slow-paced and lumbering as it is, no one can fail to recognise the frequent majesty of the periods and the uniform vigour of the thought. In the twenty-nine papers which Johnson wrote for Hawkesworth's 'Adventurer,' the 'Rambler' style is maintained. In the 'Idler,' however, which belongs to a later date, when its author's mind was unclouded, and he was comparatively free from the daily pressure of necessity, he adopts a simpler and less polysyllabic style. It is true that he still speaks of the changes of the barometer as 'the fallacious 'promises . . . of the oraculous glasses;' but his themes are less didactic, and, in an unwieldy fashion, almost playful. To select positively humourous examples from his papers would, notwithstanding, be a difficult task. Compared with the somewhat similar productions of earlier essayists,* the oft-praised 'Journey in a Stage-Coach' of the 'Adventurer' is poor; but his large knowledge of literature and literary life gives point to the portrait of that inimitably common-place critic 'Dick Minim,' though even here Addison has anticipated him with 'Sir Timothy 'Tittle.'† 'Dick Minim' appears to have suggested

* *e.g.*, 'Spectator,' No. 122. † 'Tatler,' No. 165.

three

three letters from Reynolds, the first of which, on 'Art-Connoisseurs,' we have been tempted to reproduce. Neither Langton nor Thomas Warton, both of whom gave some assistance in the 'Idler,' supplied anything of more importance than this thoughtful, if not very satirical, paper by Sir Joshua.

As already stated, Johnson was only a contributor to the 'Adventurer,' 1752, the editor and chief writer of which was Dr. Hawkesworth of 'Cook's Voyages,' who was aided by Bathurst the physician, and Joseph Warton. 'Jack Hawkesworth,' said Johnson, 'is 'one of my imitators.' His strength lay chiefly in the old-fashioned oriental tale, and his social efforts are not very remarkable. In the 'Gradation from a 'Greenhorn to a Blood'* there is some useful costume; and there are ludicrous passages in the 'Dis-'tresses of an Author invited to read his Play,' where, by the way, the writer vindicates his claim to be reckoned a follower of 'the great Lexicographer,' by speaking of a chance addition to his wig as 'the 'pendulous reproach to the honours of my head;' but it would not be possible to admit these two papers, as well as some others in the 'Adventurer,'

* 'Adventurer,' No. 100. † 'Adventurer,' No. 52.

into

into any modern collection, without what, when they were written, would have been styled 'judicious cas-'tigation.' For our present purpose, therefore, we have borrowed nothing from Hawkesworth and his colleagues.

With the exception of Goldsmith's 'Chinese Let-'ters' in the 'Public Ledger,' the most noteworthy of the remaining Essayists are the 'World,' 1753-6, and the 'Connoisseur,' 1754-6. The editor of the former was Edward Moore, author of some once-popular 'Fables for the Female Sex.' With the assistance of Fielding's friend, Lyttelton, his list of contributors was swelled by a number of aristocratic amateurs, such as Chesterfield, Horace Walpole, Soame Jenyns, Sir Charles Hanbury Williams, Hamilton Boyle, and the 'World' became, *par excellence*, the Eighteenth-Century journal 'written by gentlemen 'for gentlemen,'—'the bow of Ulysses (as one of the 'writers put it), in which it was the fashion for men 'of rank and genius to try their strength.' The 'Connoisseur,' on the other hand, was mainly the work of two friends, George Colman and Bonnel Thornton, the Erckmann-Chatrian of their age. Whether writing separately or together, their style is undistinguishable. They had a few assistants, the most

most notable of whom were Cowper the poet, and Churchill's friend, the unfortunate Robert Lloyd. From the 'Connoisseur' and the 'World' we have made one or two selections.

On the 'Citizen of the World,' 1760-1, there is no need to enlarge. That charm of simplicity and grace, of kindliness and gentle humour, which we recognise as Goldsmith's special property, requires no fresh description. The remaining Essayists of any importance may be summarily dismissed. From the Edinburgh 'Mirror,' 1779-80, and its sequel the 'Lounger,' 1785-7, one paper only has been chosen. But there are others which show that Henry Mackenzie, the chief writer, is something more than the watery Sterne of the 'Man of Feeling' and 'Julia de Roubigné,' and that he had gifts as a humourist and character-painter of no mean order. From the 'Observer' of Richard Cumberland, 1785-90, a large proportion of which is made up of papers on Greek Literature, we have taken nothing.

A retrospect of the Eighteenth-Century Essayists subsequent to the 'Tatler,' 'Spectator' and 'Guardian,' only serves to confirm the supremacy of Addison and Steele. Some of their successors approached them in serious writing; others carried the lighter

lighter kinds to considerable perfection; but none (Goldsmith alone excepted) really rivalled them in that happy mingling of the lively and severe, which Johnson envied but could not emulate. In native purity of tone, moreover, they were far in advance of their age, and were certainly not excelled by any of those who followed them. For this reason, no less than for their general superiority, their work preponderates in the present volume.

It is only necessary to add, that as the conditions under which the essays first appeared make it easy to date them accurately, the chronological order has been adopted in preference to any more elaborate arrangement. With the exception of some retrenchments specified in the notes, and the alteration or suppression of a word now and again, the text of the best editions has been scrupulously followed.

AUSTIN DOBSON.

MR.

MR. BICKERSTAFF VISITS A FRIEND.

Interea dulces pendent circum oscula nati:
Casta pudicitiam servat domus ——
—VIRG.

THERE are several persons who have many pleasures and entertainments in their possession which they do not enjoy. It is therefore a kind and good office to acquaint them with their own happiness, and turn their attention to such instances of their good fortune which they are apt to overlook. Persons in the married state often want such a monitor, and pine away their days, by looking upon the same condition in anguish and murmur, which carries with it in the opinion of others a complication of all the pleasures of life, and a retreat from its inquietudes.

I am led into this thought by a visit I made an old friend, who was formerly my school-fellow. He came to

to town last week with his family for the winter, and yesterday morning sent me word his wife expected me to dinner. I am as it were at home at that house, and every member of it knows me for their wellwisher. I cannot, indeed, express the pleasure it is, to be met by the children with so much joy as I am when I go thither: the boys and girls strive who shall come first, when they think it is I that am knocking at the door; and that child which loses the race to me, runs back again to tell the father it is Mr. Bickerstaff. This day I was led in by a pretty girl, that we all thought must have forgot me, for the family has been out of town these two years. Her knowing me again was a mighty subject with us, and took up our discourse at the first entrance. After which, they began to rally me upon a thousand little stories they heard in the country about my marriage to one of my neighbour's daughters: upon which the gentleman, my friend, said—'Nay, if Mr. Bickerstaff marries a child of any of his 'old companions, I hope mine shall have the prefer-'ence. There is Mrs. Mary is now sixteen, and 'would make him as fine a widow as the best of them: 'but I know him too well; he is so enamoured with 'the very memory of those who flourished in our 'youth, that he will not so much as look upon the 'modern

'modern beauties. I remember, old gentleman, how 'often you went home in a day to refresh your coun- 'tenance and dress, when *Teraminta* reigned in your 'heart. As we came up in the coach, I repeated to 'my wife some of your verses on her.' With such reflections on little passages which happened long ago, we passed our time during a cheerful and elegant meal. After dinner, his lady left the room, as did also the children. As soon as we were alone, he took me by the hand—'Well, my good friend,' says he, 'I am heartily glad to see thee; I was afraid you 'would never have seen all the company that dined 'with you to-day again. Do not you think the good 'woman of the house a little altered, since you fol- 'lowed her from the play-house, to find out who she 'was for me?' I perceived a tear fall down his cheek as he spoke, which moved me not a little. But to turn the discourse, said I—'She is not, indeed, quite 'that creature she was when she returned me the 'letter I carried from you; and told me she hoped, as 'I was a gentleman, I would be employed no more to 'trouble her, who had never offended me; but would 'be so much the gentleman's friend as to dissuade 'him from a pursuit which he could never succeed in. 'You may remember, I thought her in earnest, and you

'were

'were forced to employ your cousin Will, who made 'his sister get acquainted with her for you. You 'cannot expect her to be for ever fifteen.'—'Fifteen!' replied my good friend: 'Ah! you little understand, 'you that have lived a bachelor, how great, how ex- 'quisite a pleasure there is in being really beloved! 'It is impossible that the most beauteous face in 'nature should raise in me such pleasing ideas, as 'when I look upon that excellent woman. That 'fading in her countenance is chiefly caused by her 'watching with me in my fever. This was followed 'by a fit of sickness, which had like to have carried 'her off last winter. I tell you sincerely, I have so 'many obligations to her, that I cannot with any 'sort of moderation think of her present state of 'health. But as to what you say of fifteen, she gives 'me every day pleasures beyond what I ever knew in 'the possession of her beauty, when I was in the 'vigour of youth. Every moment of her life brings 'me fresh instances of her complacency to my incli- 'nations, and her prudence in regard to my fortune. 'Her face is to me much more beautiful than when I 'first saw it; there is no decay in any feature which 'I cannot trace from the very instant it was occasioned 'by some anxious concern for my welfare and interests.

'Thus

'Thus at the same time, methinks, the love I conceived towards her, for what she was, is heightened 'by my gratitude for what she is. The love of a wife 'is as much above the idle passion commonly called 'by that name, as the loud laughter of buffoons is 'inferior to the elegant mirth of gentlemen. Oh! 'she is an inestimable jewel. In her examination of 'her household affairs, she shews a certain fearful-'ness to find a fault, which makes her servants obey 'her like children; and the meanest we have has an 'ingenuous shame for an offence, not always to be 'seen in children in other families. I speak freely to 'you, my old friend; ever since her sickness, things 'that gave me the quickest joy before, turn now to a 'certain anxiety. As the children play in the next 'room, I know the poor things by their steps, and 'am considering what they must do, should they lose 'their mother in their tender years. The pleasure I 'used to take in telling my boy stories of the battles, 'and asking my girl questions about the disposal of 'her baby, and the gossiping of it, is turned into 'inward reflection and melancholy.'

He would have gone on in this tender way, when the good lady entered, and with an inexpressible sweetness in her countenance told us, she had been searching

searching her closet for something very good, to treat such an old friend as I was. Her husband's eyes sparkled with pleasure at the cheerfulness of her countenance; and I saw all his fears vanish in an instant. The lady observing something in our looks which shewed we had been more serious than ordinary, and seeing her husband receive her with great concern under a forced cheerfulness, immediately guessed at what we had been talking of; and applying herself to me, said with a smile—'Mr. Bickerstaff, 'do not believe a word of what he tells you, I shall 'still live to have you for my second, as I have often 'promised you, unless he takes more care of himself 'than he has done since his coming to town. You 'must know, he tells me, that he finds London is a 'much more healthy place than the country; for he 'sees several of his old acquaintance and school-fel-'lows are here young fellows with fair full-bottomed 'periwigs. I could scarce keep him this morning 'from going out open-breasted.' My friend, who is always extremely delighted with her agreeable humour, made her sit down with us. She did it with that easiness which is peculiar to women of sense; and to keep up the good humour she had brought in with her, turned her raillery upon me: 'Mr. Bickerstaff, 'you

'you remember you followed me one night from the 'play-house; supposing you should carry me thither 'to-morrow night, and lead me into the front-box.' This put us into a long field of discourse about the beauties, who were mothers to the present, and shined in the boxes twenty years ago. I told her I was glad she had transferred so many of her charms, and I did not question but her eldest daughter was within half a year of being a toast.

We were pleasing ourselves with this fantastical preferment of the young lady, when on a sudden we were alarmed with the noise of a drum, and immediately entered my little godson to give me a point of war. His mother, between laughing and chiding, would have put him out of the room; but I would not part with him so. I found, upon conversation with him, though he was a little noisy in his mirth, that the child had excellent parts, and was a great master of all the learning on the other side eight years old. I perceived him a very great historian in Æsop's Fables: but he frankly declared to me his mind, that he did not delight in that learning, because he did not believe they were true; for which reason I found he had very much turned his studies for about a twelvemonth past, into the lives and adventures

adventures of Don Bclianis of Greece, Guy of Warwick, the Seven Champions, and other historians of that age. I could not but observe the satisfaction the father took in the forwardness of his son; and that these diversions might turn to some profit, I found the boy had made remarks, which might be of service to him during the course of his whole life. He would tell you the mismanagements of John Hickathrift, find fault with the passionate temper in Bevis of Southampton, and love Saint George for being the champion of England; and by this means, had his thoughts insensibly moulded into the notions of discretion, virtue, and honour. I was extolling his accomplishments, when the mother told me, that the little girl who led me in this morning, was in her way a better scholar than he: 'Betty,' says she, 'deals chiefly in 'fairies and sprights; and sometimes in a winter 'night, will terrify the maids with her accounts, till 'they are afraid to go up to bed.'

I sat with them till it was very late, sometimes in merry, sometimes in serious discourse, with this particular pleasure, which gives the only true relish to all conversation, a sense that every one of us liked each other. I went home, considering the different conditions of a married life and that of a bachelor; and

I must confess it struck me with a secret concern, to reflect, that whenever I go off, I shall leave no traces behind me. In this pensive mood I returned to my family; that is to say, to my maid, my dog, and my cat, who only can be the better or worse for what happens to me.

[*Nov.* 17, 1709.]

MR.

MR. BICKERSTAFF VISITS A FRIEND
—Continued.

Ut in vita, sic in studiis, pulcherrimum et humanissimum existimo, severitatem comitatemque miscere, ne illa in tristitiam, hæc in petulantiam procedat.—PLIN.

I WAS walking about my chamber this morning in a very gay humour, when I saw a coach stop at my door, and a youth about fifteen alighting out of it, whom I perceived to be the eldest son of my bosom-friend, that I gave some account of in my paper of the seventeenth of the last month. I felt a sensible pleasure rising in me at the sight of him, my acquaintance having begun with his father when he was just such a stripling, and about that very age. When he came up to me, he took me by the hand, and burst out in tears. I was extremely moved, and immediately said—'Child, how does your father do?' He began to reply—'My mother ——' but could not go

go on for weeping. I went down with him into the coach, and gathered out of him, that his mother was then dying, and that while the holy man was doing the last offices to her, he had taken that time to come and call me to his father, who (he said) would certainly break his heart if I did not go and comfort him. The child's discretion in coming to me of his own head, and the tenderness he shewed for his parents, would have quite overpowered me, had I not resolved to fortify myself for the seasonable performances of those duties which I owed to my friend. As we were going, I could not but reflect upon the character of that excellent woman, and the greatness of his grief for the loss of one who has ever been the support to him under all other afflictions. 'How,' thought I, 'will he be able to bear the hour of her 'death, that could not, when I was lately with him, 'speak of a sickness, which was then past, without 'sorrow?' We were now got pretty far into Westminster, and arrived at my friend's house. At the door of it I met Favonius, not without a secret satisfaction to find he had been there. I had formerly conversed with him at his house; and as he abounds with that sort of virtue and knowledge which makes religion beautiful, and never leads the conversation into

into the violence and rage of party disputes, I listened to him with great pleasure. Our discourse chanced to be upon the subject of death, which he treated with such a strength of reason, and greatness of soul, that instead of being terrible, it appeared to a mind rightly cultivated, altogether to be contemned, or rather to be desired. As I met him at the door, I saw in his face a certain glowing of grief and humanity, heightened with an air of fortitude and resolution, which, as I afterwards found, had such an irresistible force, as to suspend the pains of the dying, and the lamentations of the nearest friends who attended her. I went up directly to the room where she lay, and was met at the entrance by my friend, who, notwithstanding his thoughts had been composed a little before, at the sight of me turned away his face and wept. The little family of children renewed the expressions of their sorrow according to their several ages and degrees of understanding. The eldest daughter was in tears, busied in attendance upon her mother; others were kneeling about the bedside: and what troubled me most was to see a little boy, who was too young to know the reason, weeping only because his sisters did. The only one in the room who seemed resigned and comforted was the

the dying person. At my approach to the bedside, she told me, with a low broken voice—'This is 'kindly done—Take care of your friend—Don't go 'from him.' She had before taken leave of her husband and children, in a manner proper for so solemn a parting, and with a gracefulness peculiar to a woman of her character. My heart was torn in pieces to see the husband on one side suppressing and keeping down the swellings of his grief, for fear of disturbing her in her last moments; and the wife even at that time concealing the pains she endured, for fear of increasing his affliction. She kept her eyes upon him for some moments after she grew speechless, and soon after closed them for ever. In the moment of her departure, my friend (who had thus far commanded himself) gave a deep groan, and fell into a swoon by her bedside. The distraction of the children, who thought they saw both their parents expiring together, and now lying dead before them, would have melted the hardest heart; but they soon perceived their father recover, whom I helped to remove into another room, with a resolution to accompany him until the first pangs of his affliction were abated. I knew consolation would now be impertinent; and therefore contented myself to sit by

by him, and condole with him in silence. For I shall here use the method of an ancient author, who in one of his epistles relating the virtues and death of Macrinus's wife, expresses himself thus: 'I shall 'suspend my advice to this best of friends, until 'he is made capable of receiving it by those three 'great remedies—*Necessitas ipsa, dies longa, et satietas 'doloris*—the necessity of submission, length of time, 'and satiety of grief.'

In the mean time, I cannot but consider with much commiseration, the melancholy state of one who has had such a part of himself torn from him, and which he misses in every circumstance of life. His condition is like that of one who has lately lost his right-arm, and is every moment offering to help himself with it. He does not appear to himself the same person in his house, at his table, in company, or in retirement; and loses the relish of all the pleasures and diversions that were before entertaining to him by her participation of them. The most agreeable objects recal the sorrow for her with whom he used to enjoy them. This additional satisfaction, from the taste of pleasures in the society of one we love, is admirably described in Milton, who represents Eve, though in Paradise itself, no farther

pleased

pleased with the beautiful objects around her, than as she sees them in company with Adam, in that passage so inexpressibly charming—

> With thee conversing, I forgot all time,
> All seasons, and their change; all please alike.
> Sweet is the breath of morn, her rising sweet
> With charm of earliest birds; pleasant the sun,
> When first on this delightful land he spreads
> His orient beams, on herb, tree, fruit and flower,
> Glist'ring with dew; fragrant the fertile earth
> After soft show'rs, and sweet the coming on
> Of grateful ev'ning mild; the silent night,
> With this her solemn bird, and this fair moon,
> And these the gems of heaven, her starry train.
> But neither breath of morn when she ascends
> With charm of earliest birds, nor rising sun
> In this delightful land, nor herb, fruit, flower,
> Glist'ring with dew, nor fragrant after showers,
> Nor grateful ev'ning mild, nor silent night,
> With this her solemn bird, nor walk by moon,
> Of glittering star-light, without thee is sweet.

The variety of images in this passage is infinitely pleasing, and the recapitulation of each particular image, with a little varying of the expression, makes one of the finest turns of words that I have ever seen: which I rather mention, because Mr. Dryden has

has said in his preface to Juvenal, that he could meet with no turn of words in Milton.

It may be further observed, that though the sweetness of these verses has something in it of a pastoral, yet it excels the ordinary kind, as much as the scene of it is above an ordinary field or meadow. I might here, since I am accidentally led into this subject, shew several passages in Milton that have as excellent turns of this nature, as any of our English poets whatsoever; but shall only mention that which follows, in which he describes the fallen angels engaged in the intricate disputes of predestination, free-will, and fore-knowledge; and to humour the perplexity, makes a kind of labyrinth in the very words that describe it—

> Others apart sate on a hill retir'd,
> In thoughts more elevate, and reasoned high
> Of providence, fore-knowledge, will, and fate,
> Fix'd fate, free-will, fore-knowledge absolute,
> And found no end in wand'ring mazes lost.

[*Dec.* 31, 1709.]

THE

THE TRUMPET CLUB.

Habeo senectuti magnam gratiam, quæ mihi sermonis aviditatem auxit, potionis et cibi sustulit.

—TULL. DE SEN.

AFTER having applied my mind with more than ordinary attention to my studies, it is my usual custom to relax and unbend it in the conversation of such as are rather easy than shining companions. This I find particularly necessary for me before I retire to rest, in order to draw my slumbers upon me by degrees, and fall asleep insensibly. This is the particular use I make of a set of heavy honest men, with whom I have passed many hours with much indolence, though not with great pleasure. Their conversation is a kind of preparative for sleep: it takes the mind down from its abstractions, leads it into the familiar traces of thought, and lulls it into that

that state of tranquillity which is the condition of a thinking man, when he is but half awake. After this, my reader will not be surprised to hear the account which I am about to give of a club of my own contemporaries, among whom I pass two or three hours every evening. This I look upon as taking my first nap before I go to bed. The truth of it is, I should think myself unjust to posterity, as well as to the society at the *Trumpet*, of which I am a member, did not I in some part of my writings give an account of the persons among whom I have passed almost a sixth part of my time for these last forty years. Our club consisted originally of fifteen; but partly by the severity of the law in arbitrary times, and partly by the natural effects of old-age, we are at present reduced to a third part of that number: in which, however, we have this consolation, that the best company is said to consist of five persons. I must confess, besides the afore-mentioned benefit which I meet with in the conversation of this select society, I am not the less pleased with the company, in that I find myself the greatest wit among them, and am heard as their oracle in all points of learning and difficulty.

Sir Jeoffrey Notch, who is the oldest of the club, has

has been in possession of the right-hand chair time out of mind, and is the only man among us that has the liberty of stirring the fire. This our foreman is a gentleman of an ancient family, that came to a great estate some years before he had discretion, and run it out in hounds, horses, and cock-fighting; for which reason he looks upon himself as an honest, worthy gentleman, who has had misfortunes in the world, and calls every thriving man a pitiful upstart.

Major Matchlock is the next senior, who served in the last civil wars, and has all the battles by heart. He does not think any action in Europe worth talking of since the fight of Marston-Moor; and every night tells us of his having been knocked off his horse at the rising of the London apprentices; for which he is in great esteem among us.

Honest old Dick Reptile is the third of our society. He is a good-natured indolent man, who speaks little himself, but laughs at our jokes; and brings his young nephew along with him, a youth of eighteen years old, to shew him good company, and give him a taste of the world. This young fellow sits generally silent; but whenever he opens his mouth, or laughs at any thing that passes, he is constantly told by his uncle, after a jocular manner—'Aye, aye, Jack, you

'young

'young men think us fools; but we old men know 'you are.'

The greatest wit of our company, next to myself, is a Bencher of the neighbouring inn, who in his youth frequented the ordinaries about Charing Cross, and pretends to have been intimate with Jack Ogle. He has about ten distiches of Hudibras without book, and never leaves the club till he has applied them all. If any modern wit be mentioned, or any town-frolic spoken of, he shakes his head at the dulness of the present age, and tells us a story of Jack Ogle.

For my own part, I am esteemed among them, because they see I am something respected by others; though at the same time I understand by their behaviour, that I am considered by them as a man of a great deal of learning, but no knowledge of the world; insomuch that the Major sometimes, in the height of his military pride, calls me the Philosopher: and Sir Jeoffrey, no longer ago than last night, upon a dispute what day of the month it was then in Holland, pulled his pipe out of his mouth, and cried —'What does the scholar say to it?'

Our club meets precisely at six a clock in the evening; but I did not come last night until half an hour after seven, by which means I escaped the battle of

of Naseby, which the Major usually begins at about three quarters after six: I found also, that my good friend, the Bencher, had already spent three of his distiches; and only waited an opportunity to hear a sermon spoken of, that he might introduce the couplet where 'a stick' rhymes to 'ecclesiastic.' At my entrance into the room, they were naming a red petticoat and a cloak, by which I found that the Bencher had been diverting them with a story of Jack Ogle.

I had no sooner taken my seat, but Sir Jeoffrey, to shew his good-will towards me, gave me a pipe of his own tobacco, and stirred up the fire. I look upon it as a point of morality, to be obliged by those who endeavour to oblige me; and therefore, in requital for his kindness, and to set the conversation a-going, I took the best occasion I could to put him upon telling us the story of old Gantlett, which he always does with very particular concern. He traced up his descent on both sides for several generations, describing his diet and manner of life, with his several battles, and particularly that in which he fell. This Gantlett was a game cock, upon whose head the knight, in his youth, had won five hundred pounds, and lost two thousand. This naturally set the Major upon

upon the account of Edge-hill fight, and ended in a duel of Jack Ogle's.

Old Reptile was extremely attentive to all that was said, though it was the same he had heard every night for these twenty years; and upon all occasions winked upon his nephew to mind what passed.

This may suffice to give the world a taste of our innocent conversation, which we spun out until about ten of the clock, when my maid came with a lanthorn to light me home. I could not but reflect with myself, as I was going out, upon the talkative humour of old men, and the little figure which that part of life makes in one who cannot employ his natural propensity in discourses which would make him venerable. I must own, it makes me very melancholy in company, when I hear a young man begin a story; and have often observed, that one of a quarter of an hour long in a man of five-and-twenty, gathers circumstances every time he tells it, until it grows into a long Canterbury tale of two hours by that time he is threescore.

The only way of avoiding such a trifling and frivolous old age is, to lay up in our way to it such stores of knowledge and observations, as may make us useful and agreeable in our declining years. The mind

mind of man in a long life will become a magazine of wisdom or folly, and will consequently discharge itself in something impertinent or improving. For which reason, as there is nothing more ridiculous than an old trifling story-teller, so there is nothing more venerable, than one who has turned his experience to the entertainment and advantage of mankind.

In short, we, who are in the last stage of life, and are apt to indulge ourselves in talk, ought to consider, if what we speak be worth being heard, and endeavour to make our discourse like that of Nestor, which Homer compares to the flowing of honey for its sweetness.

I am afraid I shall be thought guilty of this excess I am speaking of, when I cannot conclude without observing, that Milton certainly thought of this passage in Homer, when in his description of an eloquent spirit, he says—'His tongue dropped 'manna.'

[*Feb.* 11, 1710.]

THE

THE POLITICAL UPHOLSTERER.

——— *aliena negotia curat,*
Excussus propriis. —HOR.

THERE lived some years since within my neighbourhood a very grave person, an Upholsterer, who seemed a man of more than ordinary application to business. He was a very early riser, and was often abroad two or three hours before any of his neighbours. He had a particular carefulness in the knitting of his brows, and a kind of impatience in all his motions, that plainly discovered he was always intent on matters of importance. Upon my enquiry into his life and conversation, I found him to be the greatest newsmonger in our quarter; that he rose before day to read the Postman; and that he would take two or three turns to the other end of the town before his neighbours were up, to see if there were any

any Dutch mails come in. He had a wife and several children; but was much more inquisitive to know what passed in Poland than in his own family, and was in greater pain and anxiety of mind for King Augustus's welfare than that of his nearest relations. He looked extremely thin in a dearth of news, and never enjoyed himself in a westerly wind. This indefatigable kind of life was the ruin of his shop; for about the time that his favourite prince left the crown of Poland, he broke and disappeared.

This man and his affairs had been long out of my mind, till about three days ago, as I was walking in St. James's Park, I heard somebody at a distance hemming after me: and who should it be but my old neighbour the Upholsterer? I saw he was reduced to extreme poverty, by certain shabby superfluities in his dress: for notwithstanding that it was a very sultry day for the time of the year, he wore a loose greatcoat and a muff, with a long campaign wig out of curl; to which he had added the ornament of a pair of black garters buckled under the knee. Upon his coming up to me, I was going to enquire into his present circumstances; but was prevented by his asking me, with a whisper, Whether the last letters brought any accounts that one might rely

rely upon from Bender? I told him, None that I heard of; and asked him, whether he had yet married his eldest daughter? He told me, No. 'But pray,' says he, 'tell me sincerely, what are your thoughts 'of the King of Sweden?' For though his wife and children were starving, I found his chief concern at present was for this great monarch. I told him, that I looked upon him as one of the first heroes of the age. 'But pray,' says he, 'do you think there 'is any thing in the story of his wound?' And finding me surprized at the question—'Nay,' says he, 'I only propose it to you.' I answered, that I thought there was no reason to doubt of it. 'But 'why in the heel,' says he, 'more than any other part 'of the body?'—'Because,' said I, 'the bullet chanced 'to light there.'

This extraordinary dialogue was no sooner ended, but he began to launch out into a long dissertation upon the affairs of the North; and after having spent some time on them, he told me he was in great perplexity how to reconcile the Supplement with the English Post, and had been just now examining what the other papers say upon the same subject. 'The Daily Courant,' says he, 'has these words: "We have advices from very good hands, that a "certain

" certain prince has some matters of great importance " under consideration." This is very mysterious; ' but the Post-boy leaves us more in the dark, for he ' tells us " That there are private intimations of " measures taken by a certain prince, which time will " bring to light." Now the Postman,' says he, ' who uses to be very clear, refers to the same news ' in these words: " The late conduct of a certain " prince affords great matter of speculation." This ' certain prince,' says the Upholsterer, ' whom they ' are all so cautious of naming, I take to be ——.' Upon which, though there was nobody near us, he whispered something in my ear, which I did not hear, or think worth my while to make him repeat.

We were now got to the upper end of the Mall, where were three or four very odd fellows sitting together upon the bench. These I found were all of them politicians, who used to sun themselves in that place every day about dinner-time. Observing them to be curiosities in their kind, and my friend's acquaintance, I sat down among them.

The chief politician of the bench was a great asserter of paradoxes. He told us, with a seeming concern, That by some news he had lately read from Muscovy, it appeared to him that there was a storm gathering

gathering in the Black Sea, which might in time do hurt to the naval forces of this nation. To this he added, That for his part, he could not wish to see the Turk driven out of Europe, which he believed could not but be prejudicial to our woollen manufacture. He then told us, That he looked upon those extraordinary revolutions which had lately happened in those parts of the world, to have risen chiefly from two persons who were not much talked of; 'And those,' says he, 'are Prince Menzikoff, and the Duchess of Mirandola.' He backed his assertions with so many broken hints, and such a show of depth and wisdom, that we gave ourselves up to his opinions.

The discourse at length fell upon a point which seldom escapes a knot of true-born Englishmen, Whether, in case of a religious war, the Protestants would not be too strong for the Papists? This we unanimously determined on the Protestant side. One who sat on my right-hand, and, as I found by his discourse, had been in the West Indies, assured us, That it would be a very easy matter for the Protestants to beat the Pope at sea; and added, That whenever such a war does break out, it must turn to the good of the Leeward Islands. Upon this, one who sat at the end of the bench, and, as I afterwards found

found, was the geographer of the company, said, that in case the Papists should drive the Protestants from these parts of Europe, when the worst came to the worst, it would be impossible to beat them out of Norway and Greenland, provided the Northern crowns hold together, and the Czar of Muscovy stand neuter.

He further told us, for our comfort, that there were vast tracts of land about the Pole, inhabited neither by Protestants nor Papists, and of greater extent than all the Roman Catholic dominions in Europe.

When we had fully discussed this point, my friend the Upholsterer began to exert himself upon the present negociations of peace; in which he deposed princes, settled the bounds of kingdoms, and balanced the power of Europe, with great justice and impartiality.

I at length took my leave of the company, and was going away; but had not gone thirty yards, before the Upholsterer hemmed again after me. Upon his advancing towards me, with a whisper, I expected to hear some secret piece of news, which he had not thought fit to communicate to the bench; but instead of that, he desired me in my ear to lend him half a crown. In compassion to so needy a statesman, and

to

to dissipate the confusion I found he was in, I told him, if he pleased, I would give him five shillings, to receive five pounds of him when the Great Turk was driven out of Constantinople; which he very readily accepted, but not before he had laid down to me the impossibility of such an event, as the affairs of Europe now stand.

This paper I design for the particular benefit of those worthy citizens who live more in a coffee-house than in their shops, and whose thoughts are so taken up with the affairs of the Allies, that they forget their customers.

[*April* 6, 1710.]

TOM

TOM FOLIO.

Faciunt næ intelligendo, ut nihil intelligant.
—TER.

TOM FOLIO is a broker in learning, employed to get together good editions, and stock the libraries of great men. There is not a sale of books begins till Tom Folio is seen at the door. There is not an auction where his name is not heard, and that too in the very nick of time, in the critical moment, before the last decisive stroke of the hammer. There is not a subscription goes forward, in which Tom is not privy to the first rough draught of the proposals; nor a catalogue printed, that doth not come to him wet from the press. He is an universal scholar, so far as the title-page of all authors, knows the manuscripts in which they were discovered, the editions through which they have passed, with the praises or censures

censures which they have received from the several members of the learned world. He has a greater esteem for Aldus and Elzevir, than for Virgil and Horace. If you talk of Herodotus, he breaks out into a panegyric upon Harry Stephens. He thinks he gives you an account of an author when he tells you the subject he treats of, the name of the editor, and the year in which it was printed. Or if you draw him into further particulars, he cries up the goodness of the paper, extols the diligence of the corrector, and is transported with the beauty of the letter. This he looks upon to be sound learning and substantial criticism. As for those who talk of the fineness of style, and the justness of thought, or describe the brightness of any particular passages; nay, though they themselves write in the genius and spirit of the author they admire, Tom looks upon them as men of superficial learning, and flashy parts.

I had yesterday morning a visit from this learned idiot (for that is the light in which I consider every pedant), when I discovered in him some little touches of the coxcomb, which I had not before observed. Being very full of the figure which he makes in the republic of letters, and wonderfully satisfied with his great stock of knowledge, he gave me broad intima-

tions

tions, that he did not *believe* in all points as his forefathers had done. He then communicated to me a thought of a certain author upon a passage of Virgil's account of the dead, which I made the subject of a late paper. This thought hath taken very much among men of Tom's pitch and understanding, though universally exploded by all that know how to construe Virgil, or have any relish of antiquity. Not to trouble my reader with it, I found upon the whole, that Tom did not believe a future state of rewards and punishments, because Æneas, at his leaving the empire of the dead, passed through the Gate of Ivory, and not through that of Horn. Knowing that Tom had not sense enough to give up an opinion which he had once received, that he might avoid wrangling, I told him, that Virgil possibly had his oversights as well as another author. 'Ah! Mr. 'Bickerstaff,' says he, 'you would have another 'opinion of him, if you would read him in Daniel 'Heinsius's edition. I have perused him myself 'several times in that edition,' continued he; 'and 'after the strictest and most malicious examination, 'could find but two faults in him; one of them is 'in the Æneids, where there are two commas instead 'of a parenthesis; and another in the third Georgic,

'where

'where you may find a semicolon turned upside 'down.'—'Perhaps,' said I, 'these were not Virgil's 'faults, but those of the transcriber.'—'I do not 'design it,' says Tom, 'as a reflection on Virgil: on 'the contrary, I know that all the manuscripts re-'claim against such a punctuation. Oh! Mr. Bicker-'staff,' says he, 'what would a man give to see one 'simile of Virgil writ in his own hand!' I asked him which was the simile he meant; but was answered —'Any simile in Virgil.' He then told me all the secret history in the commonwealth of learning; of modern pieces that had the names of ancient authors annexed to them; of all the books that were now writing or printing in the several parts of Europe; of many amendments which are made, and not yet published; and a thousand other particulars, which I would not have my memory burdened with for a Vatican.

At length, being fully persuaded that I thoroughly admired him, and looked upon him as a prodigy of learning, he took his leave. I know several of Tom's class who are professed admirers of Tasso, without understanding a word of Italian: and one in particular, that carries a Pastor Fido in his pocket, in which I am sure he is acquainted with no other beauty but the clearness of the character.

There

There is another kind of pedant, who, with all Tom Folio's impertinences, hath greater superstructures and embellishments of Greek and Latin; and is still more insupportable than the other, in the same degree as he is more learned. Of this kind very often are editors, commentators, interpreters, scholiasts, and critics; and, in short, all men of deep learning without common sense. These persons set a greater value on themselves for having found out the meaning of a passage in Greek, than upon the author for having written it; nay, will allow the passage itself not to have any beauty in it, at the same time that they would be considered as the greatest men of the age, for having interpreted it. They will look with contempt on the most beautiful poems that have been composed by any of their contemporaries; but will lock themselves up in their studies for a twelvemonth together, to correct, publish, and expound, such trifles of antiquity, as a modern author would be contemned for. Men of the strictest morals, severest lives, and the gravest professions, will write volumes upon an idle sonnet, that is originally in Greek or Latin; give editions of the most immoral authors; and spin out whole pages upon the various readings of a lewd expression. All that can be said in excuse for them is,

That

That their works sufficiently shew they have no taste of their authors; and that what they do in this kind is out of their great learning, and not out of any levity or lasciviousness of temper.

A pedant of this nature is wonderfully well described in six lines of Boileau, with which I shall conclude his character.

Un pédant enyvré de sa vaine science,
Tout hérissé de Grec, tout bouffi d'arrogance,
Et qui de mille auteurs retenus mot par mot,
Dans sa tête entasséz n'a souvent fait qu'un sot,
Croit qu'un livre fait tout, et que sans Aristote
La raison ne voit goutte, et le bon sens radote.

[*April* 13, 1710.]

NED

NED SOFTLY THE POET.

Idem inficeto est inficetior rure,
Simul poemata attigit; neque idem unquam
Æque est beatus, ac poema quum scribit:
Tam gaudet in se, tamque se ipse miratur.
Nimirum idem omnes fallimur; neque est quisquam
Quem non in aliqua re videre Suffenum
Possis ——

—CATUL.

I YESTERDAY came hither about two hours before the company generally make their appearance, with a design to read over all the newspapers; but upon my sitting down, I was accosted by Ned Softly, who saw me from a corner in the other end of the room, where I found he had been writing something. 'Mr. Bickerstaff,' says he, 'I 'observe by a late paper of yours, that you and I 'are just of a humour; for you must know, of all 'impertinences, there is nothing which I so much 'hate

'hate as news. I never read a gazette in my life; 'and never trouble my head about our armies, 'whether they win or lose; or in what part of the 'world they lie encamped.' Without giving me time to reply, he drew a paper of verses out of his pocket, telling me, That he had something which would entertain me more agreeably; and that he would desire my judgment upon every line, for that we had time enough before us until the company came in.

Ned Softly is a very pretty poet, and a great admirer of easy lines. Waller is his favourite; and as that admirable writer has the best and worst verses of any among our great English poets, Ned Softly has got all the bad ones without book; which he repeats upon occasion, to shew his reading, and garnish his conversation. Ned is indeed a true *English* reader, incapable of relishing the great and masterly strokes of this art; but wonderfully pleased with the little Gothic ornaments of epigrammatical conceits, turns, points, and quibbles, which are so frequent in the most admired of our English poets, and practised by those who want genius and strength to represent, after the manner of the ancients, simplicity in its natural beauty and perfection.

Finding

Finding myself unavoidably engaged in such a conversation, I was resolved to turn my pain into a pleasure, and to divert myself as well as I could with so very odd a fellow. 'You must understand,' says Ned, 'that the sonnet I am going to read to you was 'written upon a lady who shewed me some verses of 'her own making, and is, perhaps, the best poet of 'our age. But you shall hear it.' Upon which he began to read as follows:

TO MIRA, ON HER INCOMPARABLE POEMS.

I.

WHEN dress'd in laurel wreaths you shine,
And tune your soft melodious notes,
You seem a sister of the Nine,
Or Phœbus' self in petticoats.

II.

I fancy, when your song you sing
(Your song you sing with so much art),
Your pen was pluck'd from Cupid's wing;
For, ah! it wounds me like his dart.

'Why,' says I, 'this is a little nosegay of conceits, 'a very lump of salt: every verse hath something in 'it that piques; and then the Dart in the last line 'is certainly as pretty a sting in the tail of an 'epigram

'epigram (for so I think your critics call it) as 'ever entered into the thought of a poet.'—'Dear 'Mr. Bickerstaff,' says he, shaking me by the hand, 'everybody knows you to be a judge of these 'things; and to tell you truly, I read over Roscom-'mon's translation of Horace's Art of Poetry three 'several times, before I sat down to write the sonnet 'which I have shewn you. But you shall hear it 'again, and pray observe every line of it, for not one 'of them shall pass without your approbation.

When dress'd in laurel wreaths you shine.

'This is,' says he, 'when you have your garland 'on; when you are writing verses.' To which I replied, 'I know your meaning: A metaphor!'—'The same,' said he, and went on.

And tune your soft melodious notes.

'Pray observe the gliding of that verse; there is 'scarce a consonant in it: I took care to make it run 'upon liquids. Give me your opinion of it.'—'Truly,' said I, 'I think it as good as the former.'—'I am very glad to hear you say so,' says he; 'but 'mind the next:

You seem a sister of the Nine.

'That

'That is,' says he, 'you seem a sister of the Muses; 'for, if you look into ancient authors, you will find it 'was their opinion, that there were nine of them.'— 'I remember it very well,' said I: 'but pray proceed.'

Or Phœbus' self in petticoats.

'Phœbus,' says he, 'was the god of poetry. These 'little instances, Mr. Bickerstaff, shew a gentleman's 'reading. Then to take off from the air of learning, 'which Phœbus and the Muses have given to this first 'stanza, you may observe how it falls, all of a sudden 'into the familiar—"in petticoats!"'

Or Phœbus' self in petticoats.

'Let us now,' says I, 'enter upon the second 'stanza; I find the first line is still a continuation of 'the metaphor.'

I fancy, when your song you sing.

'It is very right,' says he; 'but pray observe the 'turn of words in those two lines. I was a whole 'hour in adjusting of them, and have still a doubt 'upon me whether, in the second line it should be '—"Your song you sing," or, "You sing your '"song." You shall hear them both:—

I fancy, when your song you sing
(Your song you sing with so much art);

'or,

I fancy when your song you sing
(You sing your song with so much art).

'Truly,' said I, 'the turn is so natural either way, 'that you have made me almost giddy with it.'— 'Dear Sir,' said he, grasping me by the hand, 'you 'have a great deal of patience; but pray what do you 'think of the next verse?—

Your pen was pluck'd from Cupid's wing.

'Think!' says I; 'I think you have made Cupid 'look like a little goose.'—'That was my meaning,' says he: 'I think the ridicule is well enough hit off. 'But we come now to the last, which sums up the 'whole matter.

For, Ah! it wounds me like his dart.

'Pray how do you like that *Ah!* doth it not make 'a pretty figure in that place? *Ah!*—it looks as if I 'felt the dart, and cried out at being pricked with it.

For, Ah! it wounds me like his dart.

'My friend Dick Easy,' continued he, 'assured me 'he

'he would rather have written that *Ah!* than to have 'been the author of the Æneid. He indeed objected, 'that I made Mira's pen like a quill in one of the lines, 'and like a dart in the other. But as to that'—'Oh! 'as to that,' says I, 'it is but supposing Cupid to be 'like a porcupine, and his quills and darts will be the 'same thing.' He was going to embrace me for the hint; but half-a-dozen critics coming into the room, whose faces he did not like, he conveyed the sonnet into his pocket, and whispered me in the ear, he would shew it me again as soon as his man had written it over fair.

[*April* 25, 1710.]

RECOLLECTIONS

RECOLLECTIONS OF CHILDHOOD.

——Dies, ni fallor, adest, quem semper acerbum,
Semper honoratum, sic dii voluistis, habebo.
—VIRG.

THERE are those among mankind, who can enjoy no relish of their being, except the world is made acquainted with all that relates to them, and think everything lost that passes unobserved; but others find a solid delight in stealing by the crowd, and modelling their life after such a manner, as is as much above the approbation as the practice of the vulgar. Life being too short to give instances great enough of true friendship or good-will, some sages have thought it pious to preserve a certain reverence for the Manes of their deceased friends; and have withdrawn themselves from the rest of the world at certain seasons, to commemorate in their own thoughts

thoughts such of their acquaintance who have gone before them out of this life; and indeed, when we are advanced in years, there is not a more pleasing entertainment, than to recollect in a gloomy moment the many we have parted with, that have been dear and agreeable to us, and to cast a melancholy thought or two after those, with whom, perhaps, we have indulged ourselves in whole nights of mirth and jollity. With such inclinations in my heart I went to my closet yesterday in the evening, and resolved to be sorrowful; upon which occasion I could not but look with disdain upon myself, that though all the reasons which I had to lament the loss of many of my friends are now as forcible as at the moment of their departure, yet did not my heart swell with the same sorrow which I felt at the time; but I could, without tears, reflect upon many pleasing adventures I have had with some, who have long been blended with common earth. Though it is by the benefit of Nature that length of time thus blots out the violence of afflictions; yet with tempers too much given to pleasure, it is almost necessary to revive the old places of grief in our memory; and ponder step by step on past life, to lead the mind into that sobriety of thought which poises the heart, and makes it beat with due time,

time, without being quickened with desire, or retarded with despair, from its proper and equal motion. When we wind up a clock that is out of order, to make it go well for the future, we do not immediately set the hand to the present instant, but we make it strike the round of all its hours, before it can recover the regularity of its time. Such, thought I, shall be my method this evening; and since it is that day of the year which I dedicate to the memory of such in another life as I much delighted in when living, an hour or two shall be sacred to sorrow and their memory, while I run over all the melancholy circumstances of this kind which have occurred to me in my whole life.

The first sense of sorrow I ever knew was upon the death of my father, at which time I was not quite five years of age; but was rather amazed at what all the house meant, than possessed with a real understanding why nobody was willing to play with me. I remember I went into the room where his body lay, and my mother sat weeping alone by it. I had my battledore in my hand, and fell a-beating the coffin, and calling Papa; for, I know not how, I had some slight idea that he was locked up there. My mother catched me in her arms, and, transported beyond all patience of the silent

silent grief she was before in, she almost smothered me in her embrace; and told me in a flood of tears, Papa could not hear me, and would play with me no more, for they were going to put him underground, where he could never come to us again. She was a very beautiful woman, of a noble spirit, and there was a dignity in her grief amidst all the wildness of her transport; which, methought, struck me with an instinct of sorrow, that before I was sensible of what it was to grieve, seized my very soul, and has made pity the weakness of my heart ever since. The mind in infancy is, methinks, like the body in embryo; and receives impressions so forcible, that they are as hard to be removed by reason, as any mark, with which a child is born, is to be taken away by any future application. Hence it is, that good-nature in me is no merit; but having been so frequently overwhelmed with her tears before I knew the cause of any affliction, or could draw defences from my own judgment, I imbibed commiseration, remorse, and an unmanly gentleness of mind, which has since ensnared me into ten thousand calamities; and from whence I can reap no advantage, except it be, that, in such a humour as I am now in, I can the better indulge myself in the softnesses of humanity, and enjoy that sweet

sweet anxiety that arises from the memory of past afflictions.

We, that are very old, are better able to remember things which befel us in our distant youth, than the passages of later days. For this reason it is, that the companions of my strong and vigorous years present themselves more immediately to me in this office of sorrow. Untimely and unhappy deaths are what we are most apt to lament; so little are we able to make it indifferent when a thing happens, though we know it must happen. Thus we groan under life, and bewail those who are relieved from it. Every object that returns to our imagination raises different passions, according to the circumstance of their departure. Who can have lived in an army, and in a serious hour reflect upon the many gay and agreeable men that might long have flourished in the arts of peace, and not join with the imprecations of the fatherless and widow on the tyrant to whose ambition they fell sacrifices? But gallant men, who are cut off by the sword, move rather our veneration than our pity; and we gather relief enough from their own contempt of death, to make it no evil, which was approached with so much cheerfulness, and attended with so much honour. But when we turn our thoughts from the great

great parts of life on such occasions, and instead of lamenting those who stood ready to give death to those from whom they had the fortune to receive it; I say, when we let our thoughts wander from such noble objects, and consider the havoc which is made among the tender and the innocent, pity enters with an unmixed softness, and possesses all our souls at once.

Here (were there words to express such sentiments with proper tenderness) I should record the beauty, innocence, and untimely death, of the first object my eyes ever beheld with love. The beauteous virgin! How ignorantly did she charm, how carelessly excel? Oh Death, thou hast right to the bold, to the ambitious, to the high, and to the haughty; but why this cruelty to the humble, to the meek, to the undiscerning, to the thoughtless? Nor age, nor business, nor distress, can erase the dear image from my imagination. In the same week, I saw her dressed for a ball, and in a shroud. How ill did the habit of Death become the pretty trifler? I still behold the smiling earth——A large train of disasters were coming on to my memory, when my servant knocked at my closet-door, and interrupted me with a letter, attended with a hamper of wine, of the same sort with that which

is

is to be put to sale, on Thursday next, at Garraway's Coffee-house. Upon the receipt of it, I sent for three of my friends. We are so intimate, that we can be company in whatever state of mind we meet, and can entertain each other without expecting always to rejoice. The wine we found to be generous and warming, but with such an heat as moved us rather to be cheerful than frolicsome. It revived the spirits, without firing the blood. We commended it until two of the clock this morning; and having to-day met a little before dinner, we found, that though we drank two bottles a man, we had much more reason to recollect than forget what had passed the night before.

[*June* 6, 1710.]

ADVENTURES

ADVENTURES OF A SHILLING.

Per varios casus, per tot discrimina rerum,
Tendimus ———————

—VIRG.

I WAS last night visited by a friend of mine who has an inexhaustible fund of discourse, and never fails to entertain his company with a variety of thoughts and hints that are altogether new and uncommon. Whether it were in complaisance to my way of living, or his real opinion, he advanced the following paradox, That it required much greater talents to fill up and become a retired life, than a life of business. Upon this occasion he rallied very agreeably the busy men of the age, who only valued themselves for being in motion, and passing through a series of trifling and insignificant actions. In the heat of his discourse, seeing a piece of money lying on

on my table—'I defy,' says he, 'any of these active 'persons to produce half the adventures that this 'twelvepenny-piece has been engaged in, were it 'possible for him to give us an account of his 'life.'

My friend's talk made so odd an impression upon my mind, that soon after I was a-bed I fell insensibly into a most unaccountable reverie, that had neither moral nor design in it, and cannot be so properly called a dream as a delirium.

Methought that the Shilling that lay upon the table reared itself upon its edge, and turning the face towards me, opened its mouth, and in a soft silver sound gave me the following account of his life and adventures.

'I was born,' says he, 'on the side of a mountain, 'near a little village of Peru, and made a voyage to 'England in an ingot, under the convoy of Sir 'Francis Drake. I was, soon after my arrival, taken 'out of my Indian habit, refined, naturalized, and put 'into the British mode, with the face of Queen Eliza- 'beth on one side, and the arms of the country on the 'other. Being thus equipped, I found in me a won- 'derful inclination to ramble, and visit all parts of the 'new world into which I was brought. The people very 'much

'much favoured my natural disposition, and shifted 'me so fast from hand to hand, that before I was five 'years old, I had travelled into almost every corner of 'the nation. But in the beginning of my sixth year, 'to my unspeakable grief, I fell into the hands of a 'miserable old fellow, who clapped me into an iron 'chest, where I found five hundred more of my own 'quality, who lay under the same confinement. The 'only relief we had, was to be taken out and counted 'over in the fresh air every morning and evening. 'After an imprisonment of several years, we heard 'somebody knocking at our chest, and breaking it 'open with an hammer. This we found was the old 'man's heir, who, as his father lay a-dying, was so 'good as to come to our release: he separated us that 'very day. What was the fate of my companions I 'know not: as for myself, I was sent to the apothe-'cary's shop for a pint of sack. The apothecary gave 'me to an herb-woman, the herb-woman to a butcher, 'the butcher to a brewer, and the brewer to his wife, 'who made a present of me to a Non-conformist 'preacher. After this manner I made my way 'merrily through the world; for, as I told you 'before, we Shillings love nothing so much as 'travelling. I sometimes fetched in a shoulder

'of

'of mutton, sometimes a play-book, and often had 'the satisfaction to treat a Templar at a twelve-penny 'ordinary, or carry him with three friends to West-'minster Hall.

'In the midst of this pleasant progress, which I 'made from place to place, I was arrested by a super-'stitious old woman, who shut me up in a greasy 'purse, in pursuance of a foolish saying, that while 'she kept a Queen Elizabeth's Shilling about her, 'she should never be without money. I continued 'here a close prisoner for many months, until at last 'I was exchanged for eight-and-forty farthings.

'I thus rambled from pocket to pocket until the 'beginning of the civil wars, when, to my shame be 'it spoken, I was employed in raising soldiers against 'the king; for being of a very tempting breadth, a 'serjeant made use of me to inveigle country fellows, 'and list them in the service of the parliament.

'As soon as he had made one man sure, his way 'was to oblige him to take a Shilling of a more 'homely figure, and then practise the same trick 'upon another. Thus I continued doing great mis-'chief to the Crown, until my officer chancing one 'morning to walk abroad earlier than ordinary, sacri-'ficed me to his pleasures, and made use of me to

'seduce

'seduce a milk-maid. This wench bent me, and 'gave me to her sweetheart, applying more properly 'than she intended the usual form of—"To my love '"and from my love." This ungenerous gallant 'marrying her within few days after, pawned me 'for a dram of brandy; and drinking me out next 'day, I was beaten flat with an hammer, and again 'set a-running.

'After many adventures, which it would be tedious 'to relate, I was sent to a young spendthrift, in com-'pany with the will of his deceased father. The 'young fellow, who, I found, was very extravagant, 'gave great demonstrations of joy at the receiving 'the will; but opening it, he found himself dis-'inherited, and cut off from the possession of a fair 'estate by virtue of my being made a present to him. 'This put him into such a passion, that after having 'taken me in his hand, and cursed me, he squirred 'me away from him as far as he could fling me. I 'chanced to light in an unfrequented place under a 'dead wall, where I lay undiscovered and useless, 'during the usurpation of Oliver Cromwell.

'About a year after the king's return, a poor cava-'lier that was walking there about dinner-time, fortu-'nately cast his eye upon me, and, to the great joy

'of

'of us both, carried me to a cook's shop, where he 'dined upon me, and drank the king's health. When 'I came again into the world, I found that I had been 'happier in my retirement than I thought, having 'probably by that means escaped wearing a mon-'strous pair of breeches.

'Being now of great credit and antiquity, I was 'rather looked upon as a medal than an ordinary 'coin; for which reason a gamester laid hold of me, 'and converted me to a counter, having got together 'some dozens of us for that use. We led a melan-'choly life in his possession, being busy at those 'hours wherein current coin is at rest, and partaking 'the fate of our master; being in a few moments 'valued at a crown, a pound, or a sixpence, according 'to the situation in which the fortune of the cards 'placed us. I had at length the good luck to see my 'master break, by which means I was again sent 'abroad under my primitive denomination of a Shil-'ling.

'I shall pass over many other accidents of less 'moment, and hasten to that fatal catastrophe when 'I fell into the hands of an artist, who conveyed me 'under ground, and with an unmerciful pair of 'shears, cut off my titles, clipped my brims, re-

'trenched

'trenched my shape, rubbed me to my inmost ring; 'and in short, so spoiled and pillaged me, that he 'did not leave me worth a groat. You may think 'what a confusion I was in to see myself thus 'curtailed and disfigured. I should have been 'ashamed to have shewn my head, had not all my 'old acquaintance been reduced to the same shameful 'figure, excepting some few that were punched 'through the belly. In the midst of this general 'calamity, when every body thought our misfortune 'irretrievable, and our case desperate, we were thrown 'into the furnace together, and (as it often happens 'with cities rising out of a fire) appeared with greater 'beauty and lustre than we could ever boast of before. 'What has happened to me since this change of sex 'which you now see, I shall take some other oppor-'tunity to relate. In the mean time I shall only 'repeat two adventures; as being very extraordinary, 'and neither of them having ever happened to me 'above once in my life. The first was, my being in 'a poet's pocket, who was so taken with the brightness 'and novelty of my appearance, that it gave occasion 'to the finest burlesque poem in the British language, 'intituled from me—"The Splendid Shilling." The 'second adventure, which I must not omit, happened

'to

'to me in the year one thousand seven hundred and 'three, when I was given away in charity to a blind 'man; but indeed this was by a mistake, the person 'who gave me having heedlessly thrown me into the 'hat among a pennyworth of farthings.'

[*Nov.* 11, 1710.]

FROZEN

FROZEN VOICES.

Splendide mendax ———

—HOR.

THERE are no books which I more delight in than in Travels, especially those that describe remote countries, and give the writer an opportunity of shewing his parts without incurring any danger of being examined or contradicted. Among all the authors of this kind, our renowned countryman, Sir John Mandeville, has distinguished himself by the copiousness of his invention, and greatness of his genius. The second to Sir John I take to have been Ferdinand Mendez Pinto, a person of infinite adventure, and unbounded imagination. One reads the voyages of these two great wits with as much astonishment as the Travels of Ulysses in Homer, or of the Red-Cross

Red-Cross Knight in Spenser. All is enchanted ground and fairy land.

I have got into my hand, by great chance, several manuscripts of these two eminent authors, which are filled with greater wonders than any of those they have communicated to the public; and indeed, were they not so well attested, would appear altogether improbable. I am apt to think the ingenious authors d'd not publish them with the rest of their works, lest they should pass for fictions and fables: a caution not unnecessary, when the reputation of their veracity was not yet established in the world. But as this reason has now no further weight, I shall make the public a present of these curious pieces at such times as I shall find myself unprovided with other subjects.

The present paper I intend to fill with an extract of Sir John's Journal, in which that learned and worthy knight gives an account of the freezing and thawing of several short speeches, which he made in the territories of Nova Zembla. I need not inform my reader, that the author of Hudibras alludes to this strange quality in that cold climate, when, speaking of abstracted notions clothed in a visible shape, he adds that apt simile—

Like words congeal'd in northern air.

Not

Not to keep my reader any longer in suspense, the relation, put into modern language, is as follows:

'We were separated by a storm in the latitude of '73°, insomuch that only the ship which I was in, with 'a Dutch and French vessel, got safe into a creek of 'Nova Zembla. We landed, in order to refit our 'vessels, and store ourselves with provisions. The 'crew of each vessel made themselves a cabin of turf 'and wood, at some distance from each other, to 'fence themselves against the inclemencies of the 'weather, which was severe beyond imagination. 'We soon observed, that in talking to one another 'we lost several of our words, and could not hear 'one another at above two yards' distance, and that 'too when we sat very near the fire. After much 'perplexity, I found that our words froze in the air, 'before they could reach the ears of the persons to 'whom they were spoken. I was soon confirmed in 'the conjecture, when, upon the increase of the cold, 'the whole company grew dumb, or rather deaf; for 'every man was sensible, as we afterwards found, 'that he spoke as well as ever; but the sounds no 'sooner took air, than they were condensed and lost. 'It was now a miserable spectacle to see us nodding 'and gaping at one another, every man talking, and

'no

'no man heard. One might observe a seaman, that 'could hail a ship at a league's distance, beckoning 'with his hands, straining his lungs, and tearing his 'throat; but all in vain.

—— *Nec vox, nec verba, sequuntur.*

'We continued here three weeks in this dismal 'plight. At length, upon a turn of wind, the air 'about us began to thaw. Our cabin was immedi- 'ately filled with a dry clattering sound, which I 'afterwards found to be the crackling of consonants 'that broke above our heads, and were often mixed 'with a gentle hissing, which I imputed to the letter S, 'that occurs so frequently in the English tongue. I 'soon after felt a breeze of whispers rushing by my ear; 'for those being of a soft and gentle substance, imme- 'diately liquefied in the warm wind that blew across 'our cabin. These were soon followed by syllables 'and short words, and at length by entire sentences, 'that melted sooner or later as they were more or less 'congealed; so that we now heard every thing that 'had been *spoken* during the whole three weeks that 'we had been *silent*, if I may use that expression. 'It was now very early in the morning, and yet to 'my surprise, I heard somebody say—"Sir John, it

'"is

'"is midnight, and time for the ship's crew to go to '"bed." This I knew to be the pilot's voice, and 'upon recollecting myself, I concluded that he had 'spoken these words to me some days before, though 'I could not hear them until the present thaw. 'My reader will easily imagine how the whole crew 'was amazed to hear every man talking, and see no 'man open his mouth. In the midst of this great 'surprise we were all in, we heard a volley of oaths 'and curses, lasting for a long while, and uttered 'in a very hoarse voice, which I knew belonged to 'the boatswain, who was a very choleric fellow, and 'had taken his opportunity of cursing and swearing at 'me when he thought I could not hear him; for I 'had several times given him the strappado on that 'account, as I did not fail to repeat it for these his 'pious soliloquies, when I got him on shipboard.

'I must not omit the names of several beauties in 'Wapping, which were heard every now and then, 'in the midst of a long sigh that accompanied them; 'as "Dear Kate!" "Pretty Mrs. Peggy!" "When '"shall I see my Sue again?" This betrayed 'several amours which had been concealed until 'that time, and furnished us with a great deal of 'mirth in our return to England.

'When

'When this confusion of voices was pretty well 'over, though I was afraid to offer at speaking, as 'fearing I should not be heard, I proposed a visit to 'the Dutch cabin, which lay about a mile further up 'into the country. My crew were extremely rejoiced 'to find they had again recovered their hearing; 'though every man uttered his voice with the same 'apprehensions that I had done—

Et timide verba intermissa retentat.

'At about half-a-mile's distance from our cabin, 'we heard the groanings of a bear, which at first 'startled us; but upon inquiry, we were informed by 'some of our company that he was dead, and now lay 'in salt, having been killed upon that very spot about 'a fortnight before, in the time of the frost. Not far 'from the same place, we were likewise entertained 'with some posthumous snarls and barkings of a 'fox.

'We at length arrived at the little Dutch settle- 'ment; and upon entering the room, found it filled 'with sighs that smelt of brandy, and several other 'unsavoury sounds, that were altogether inarticulate. 'My valet, who was an Irishman, fell into so great a 'rage at what he heard, that he drew his sword;

'but

'but not knowing where to lay the blame, he put it 'up again. We were stunned with these confused 'noises, but did not hear a single word until about 'half-an-hour after; which I ascribed to the harsh 'and obdurate sounds of that language, which wanted 'more time than ours to melt and become audible.

'After having here met with a very hearty wel- 'come, we went to the cabin of the French, who, to 'make amends for their three weeks' silence, were 'talking and disputing with greater rapidity and con- 'fusion than ever I heard in an assembly even of that 'nation. Their language, as I found, upon the first 'giving of the weather, fell asunder and dissolved. I 'was here convinced of an error, into which I had 'before fallen; for I fancied that, for the freezing of 'the sound, it was necessary for it to be wrapped up 'and, as it were, preserved in breath: but I found 'my mistake, when I heard the sound of a kit playing 'a minuet over our heads. I asked the occasion of 'it; upon which one of the company told me, it 'would play there above a week longer, if the thaw 'continued; "for," says he, "finding ourselves '"bereft of speech, we prevailed upon one of the '"company, who had this musical instrument about '"him, to play to us from morning to night; all

'"which

'"which time we employed in dancing, in order to '"dissipate our chagrin, *et tuer le temps*."'

Here Sir John gives very good philosophical reasons why the kit could not be heard during the frost; but as they are something prolix, I pass them over in silence, and shall only observe, that the honourable author seems by his quotations to have been well versed in the ancient poets, which perhaps raised his fancy above the ordinary pitch of historians, and very much contributed to the embellishment of his writings.

[*Nov.* 23, 1710.]

STAGE LIONS.

Dic mihi, si fueris tu leo, qualis eris?
—MART.

THERE is nothing that of late years has afforded matter of greater amusement to the town than Signior Nicolini's combat with a Lion in the Hay-market, which has been very often exhibited to the general satisfaction of most of the nobility and gentry in the kingdom of Great Britain. Upon the first rumour of this intended combat, it was confidently affirmed, and is still believed by many in both galleries, that there would be a tame lion sent from the Tower every opera night, in order to be killed by Hydaspes. This report, though altogether groundless, so universally prevailed in the upper regions of the playhouse, that some of the most refined politicians in those parts of the audience gave it out in whisper,

whisper, that the Lion was a cousin-german of the Tiger who made his appearance in King William's days, and that the stage would be supplied with lions at the public expense during the whole session. Many likewise were the conjectures of the treatment which this Lion was to meet with from the hands of Signior Nicolini: some supposed that he was to subdue him in *recitativo*, as Orpheus used to serve the wild beasts in his time, and afterwards to knock him on the head; some fancied that the Lion would not pretend to lay his paws upon the hero, by reason of the received opinion, that a Lion will not hurt a Virgin. Several, who pretended to have seen the opera in Italy, had informed their friends, that the Lion was to act a part in High-Dutch, and roar twice or thrice to a thorough-bass, before he fell at the feet of Hydaspes. To clear up a matter that was so variously reported, I have made it my business to examine whether this pretended Lion is really the savage he appears to be, or only a counterfeit.

But before I communicate my discoveries, I must acquaint the reader, that upon my walking behind the scenes last winter, as I was thinking on something else, I accidentally justled against a monstrous animal that extremely startled me, and, upon my nearer

nearer survey of it, appeared to be a Lion-Rampant. The Lion, seeing me very much surprised, told me, in a gentle voice, that I might come by him if I pleased—'For,' says he, 'I do not intend to hurt any-'body.' I thanked him very kindly, and passed by him; and in a little time after saw him leap upon the stage, and act his part with very great applause. It has been observed by several, that the Lion has changed his manner of acting twice or thrice since his first appearance; which will not seem strange, when I acquaint my reader that the Lion has been changed upon the audience three several times. The first Lion was a Candle-snuffer, who being a fellow of a testy, choleric temper, overdid his part, and would not suffer himself to be killed so easily as he ought to have done; besides, it was observed of him, that he grew more surly every time he came out of the Lion; and having dropt some words in ordinary conversation, as if he had not fought his best, and that he suffered himself to be thrown upon his back in the scuffle, and that he would wrestle with Mr. Nicolini for what he pleased, out of his Lion's skin, it was thought proper to discard him; and it is verily believed, to this day, that had he been brought upon the stage another time, he would certainly have done

done mischief. Besides, it was objected against the first Lion, that he reared himself so high upon his hinder paws, and walked in so erect a posture, that he looked more like an old Man than a Lion.

The second Lion was a Tailor by trade, who belonged to the playhouse, and had the character of a mild and peaceable man in his profession. If the former was too furious, this was too sheepish, for his part; insomuch that, after a short modest walk upon the stage, he would fall at the first touch of Hydaspes, without grappling with him, and giving him an opportunity of shewing his variety of Italian trips: it is said indeed, that he once gave him a rip in his flesh-coloured doublet; but this was only to make work for himself, in his private character of a Tailor. I must not omit that it was this second Lion who treated me with so much humanity behind the scenes.

The acting Lion at present is, as I am informed, a Country Gentleman, who does it for his diversion, but desires his name may be concealed. He says very handsomely in his own excuse, that he does not act for gain; that he indulges an innocent pleasure in it; and that it is better to pass away an evening in this manner, than in gaming and drinking; but at the same time says, with a very agreeable raillery upon himself,

himself, that if his name should be known, the ill-natured world might call him the Ass in the Lion's skin. This gentleman's temper is made of such a happy mixture of the mild and the choleric, that he out-does both his predecessors, and has drawn together greater audiences than have been known in the memory of man.

I must not conclude my narrative, without taking notice of a groundless report that has been raised, to a gentleman's disadvantage, of whom I must declare myself an admirer; namely, that Signior Nicolini and the Lion have been seen sitting peaceably by one another, and smoking a pipe together, behind the scenes; by which their common enemies would insinuate, it is but a sham combat which they represent upon the stage; but upon enquiry I find, that if any such correspondence has passed between them, it was not till the combat was over, when the Lion was to be looked upon as dead, according to the received rules of the Drama. Besides, this is what is practised every day in Westminster Hall, where nothing is more usual than to see a couple of lawyers, who have been tearing each other to pieces in the court, embracing one another as soon as they are out of it.

I would not be thought, in any part of this relation, to reflect upon Signior Nicolini, who in acting this

this part only complies with the wretched taste of his audience; he knows very well, that the Lion has many more admirers than himself; as they say of the famous equestrian statue on the Pont-Neuf at Paris, that more people go to see the horse, than the king who sits upon it. On the contrary, it gives me a just indignation to see a person whose action gives new majesty to kings, resolution to heroes, and softness to lovers, thus sinking from the greatness of his behaviour, and degraded into the character of the London 'Prentice. I have often wished, that our tragedians would copy after this great master in action. Could they make the same use of their arms and legs, and inform their faces with as significant looks and passions, how glorious would an English tragedy appear with that action, which is capable of giving a dignity to the forced thoughts, cold conceits, and unnatural expressions of an Italian opera! In the mean time, I have related this combat of the Lion, to shew what are at present the reigning entertainments of the politer part of Great Britain.

Audiences have often been reproached by writers for the coarseness of their taste; but our present grievance does not seem to be the want of a good taste, but of common sense.

[*March* 15, 1711.] *MEDITATIONS*

MEDITATIONS IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

Pallida mors æquo pulsat pede pauperum tabernas
Regumque turres. O beate Sesti,
Vitæ summa brevis spem nos vetat inchoare longam.
Jam te premet nox, fabulæque manes,
Et domus exilis Plutonia ——— —HOR.

WHEN I am in a serious humour, I very often walk by myself in Westminster Abbey; where the gloominess of the place, and the use to which it is applied, with the solemnity of the building, and the condition of the people who lie in it, are apt to fill the mind with a kind of melancholy, or rather thoughtfulness, that is not disagreeable. I yesterday passed a whole afternoon in the churchyard, the cloisters, and the church, amusing myself with the tombstones and inscriptions that I met with in those several regions of

of the dead. Most of them recorded nothing else of the buried person, but that he was born upon one day, and died upon another: the whole history of his life being comprehended in those two circumstances, that are common to all mankind. I could not but look upon these registers of existence, whether of brass or marble, as a kind of satire upon the departed persons; who had left no other memorial of them, but that they were born and that they died. They put me in mind of several persons mentioned in the battles of heroic poems, who have sounding names given them, for no other reason but that they may be killed, and are celebrated for nothing but being knocked on the head.

Γλαῦκόν τε, Μεδόντα τε, Θερσιλοχόν τε.

Glaucumque, Medontaque, Thersilochumque.

The life of these men is finely described in Holy Writ by 'the path of an arrow,' which is immediately closed up and lost.

Upon my going into the church, I entertained myself with the digging of a grave; and saw in every shovel-full of it that was thrown up, the fragment of a bone or skull intermixed with a kind of fresh mouldering

mouldering earth that some time or other had a place in the composition of a human body. Upon this I began to consider with myself, what innumerable multitudes of people lay confused together under the pavement of that ancient cathedral; how men and women, friends and enemies, priests and soldiers, monks and prebendaries, were crumbled amongst one another, and blended together in the same common mass; how beauty, strength, and youth, with old-age, weakness, and deformity, lay undistinguished in the same promiscuous heap of matter.

After having thus surveyed this great magazine of mortality, as it were in the lump, I examined it more particularly by the accounts which I found on several of the monuments which are raised in every quarter of that ancient fabric. Some of them were covered with such extravagant epitaphs, that, if it were possible for the dead person to be acquainted with them, he would blush at the praises which his friends have bestowed upon him. There are others so excessively modest, that they deliver the character of the person departed in Greek or Hebrew, and by that means are not understood once in a twelvemonth. In the poetical quarter, I found there were poets who had no monuments, and monuments

which

which had no poets. I observed indeed that the present war had filled the church with many of these uninhabited monuments, which had been erected to the memory of persons whose bodies were perhaps buried in the plains of Blenheim, or in the bosom of the ocean.

I could not but be very much delighted with several modern epitaphs, which are written with great elegance of expression and justness of thought, and therefore do honour to the living as well as the dead. As a foreigner is very apt to conceive an idea of the ignorance or politeness of a nation from the turn of their public monuments and inscriptions, they should be submitted to the perusal of men of learning and genius before they are put in execution. Sir Cloudesly Shovel's monument has very often given me great offence; instead of the brave rough English admiral, which was the distinguishing character of that plain gallant man, he is represented on his tomb by the figure of a beau, dressed in a long periwig, and reposing himself upon velvet cushions under a canopy of state. The inscription is answerable to the monument; for instead of celebrating the many remarkable actions he had performed in the service of his country, it acquaints us only

only with the manner of his death, in which it was impossible for him to reap any honour. The Dutch, whom we are apt to despise for want of genius, shew an infinitely greater taste of antiquity and politeness in their buildings and works of this nature, than what we meet with in those of our own country. The monuments of their admirals, which have been erected at the public expense, represent them like themselves; and are adorned with rostral crowns and naval ornaments, with beautiful festoons of sea-weed, shells, and coral.

But to return to our subject. I have left the repository of our English kings for the contemplation of another day, when I shall find my mind disposed for so serious an amusement. I know that entertainments of this nature are apt to raise dark and dismal thoughts in timorous minds and gloomy imaginations; but for my own part, though I am always serious, I do not know what it is to be melancholy; and can, therefore, take a view of nature, in her deep and solemn scenes, with the same pleasure as in her most gay and delightful ones. By this means I can improve myself with those objects, which others consider with terror. When I look upon the tombs of the great, every emotion of envy dies in me; when I

read

read the epitaphs of the beautiful, every inordinate desire goes out; when I meet with the grief of parents upon a tombstone, my heart melts with compassion; when I see the tomb of the parents themselves, I consider the vanity of grieving for those whom we must quickly follow: when I see kings lying by those who deposed them, when I consider rival wits placed side by side, or the holy men that divided the world with their contests and disputes, I reflect with sorrow and astonishment on the little competitions, factions, and debates of mankind. When I read the several dates of the tombs, of some that died yesterday, and some six hundred years ago, I consider that great day when we shall all of us be contemporaries, and make our appearance together.

[*March* 30, 1711.]

THE

THE EXERCISE OF THE FAN.

—— Lusus animo debent aliquando dari,
Ad cogitandum melior ut redeat sibi.
—PHÆDR.

I DO not know whether to call the following letter a satire upon coquettes, or a representation of their several fantastical accomplishments, or what other title to give it; but as it is I shall communicate it to the public. It will sufficiently explain its own intentions, so that I shall give it my reader at length, without either preface or postscript.

MR. SPECTATOR,

WOMEN are armed with fans as men with swords, and sometimes do more execution with them. To the end therefore that ladies may be entire mistresses of the weapon which they bear, I have erected an academy

academy for the training up of young women in the 'Exercise of the Fan,' according to the most fashionable airs and motions that are now practised at court. The ladies who 'carry' fans under me are drawn up twice a day in my great hall, where they are instructed in the use of their arms, and exercised by the following words of command:

Handle your fans,
Unfurl your fans,
Discharge your fans,
Ground your fans,
Recover your fans,
Flutter your fans.

By the right observation of these few plain words of command, a woman of a tolerable genius, who will apply herself diligently to her exercise for the space of but one half-year, shall be able to give her fan all the graces that can possibly enter into that little modish machine.

But to the end that my readers may form to themselves a right notion of this exercise, I beg leave to explain it to them in all its parts. When my female regiment is drawn up in array, with every one her weapon in her hand, upon my giving the word to 'handle their fan,' each of them shakes her fan at me with a smile, then gives her right-hand woman a tap upon

upon the shoulder, then presses her lips with the extremity of her fan, then lets her arms fall in an easy motion, and stands in a readiness to receive the next word of command. All this is done with a close fan, and is generally learned in the first week.

The next motion is that of 'unfurling the fan,' in which are comprehended several little flirts and vibrations, as also gradual and deliberate openings, with many voluntary fallings asunder in the fan itself, that are seldom learned under a month's practice. This part of the exercise pleases the spectators more than any other, as it discovers on a sudden an infinite number of cupids, garlands, altars, birds, beasts, rainbows, and the like agreeable figures, that display themselves to view, whilst every one in the regiment holds a picture in her hand.

Upon my giving the word to 'discharge their fans,' they give one general crack that may be heard at a considerable distance when the wind sits fair. This is one of the most difficult parts of the exercise; but I have several ladies with me, who at their first entrance could not give a pop loud enough to be heard at the further end of a room, who can now 'discharge 'a fan' in such a manner, that it shall make a report like a pocket-pistol. I have likewise taken care (in order

order to hinder young women from letting off their fans in wrong places or unsuitable occasions), to shew upon what subject the crack of a fan may come in properly: I have likewise invented a fan with which a girl of sixteen, by the help of a little wind which is inclosed about one of the largest sticks, can make as loud a crack as a woman of fifty with an ordinary fan.

When the fans are thus 'discharged,' the word of command in course is to 'ground their fans.' This teaches a lady to quit her fan gracefully when she throws it aside in order to take up a pack of cards, adjust a curl of hair, replace a falling pin, or apply herself to any other matter of importance. This part of the exercise, as it only consists in tossing a fan with an air upon a long table (which stands by for that purpose), may be learned in two days' time as well as in a twelvemonth.

When my female regiment is thus disarmed, I generally let them walk about the room for some time; when on a sudden (like ladies that look upon their watches after a long visit), they all of them hasten to their arms, catch them up in a hurry, and place themselves in their proper stations upon my calling out—'Recover your fans!' This part of the exercise

exercise is not difficult, provided a woman applies her thoughts to it.

The 'fluttering of the fan' is the last and indeed the master-piece of the whole exercise; but if a lady does not mis-spend her time, she may make herself mistress of it in three months. I generally lay aside the dog-days and the hot time of the summer for the teaching this part of the 'exercise'; for as soon as ever I pronounce—'Flutter your fans,' the place is filled with so many zephyrs and gentle breezes as are very refreshing in that season of the year, though they might be dangerous to ladies of a tender constitution in any other.

There is an infinite variety of motions to be made use of in the 'flutter of a fan:' there is the angry flutter, the modest flutter, the timorous flutter, the confused flutter, the merry flutter, and the amorous flutter. Not to be tedious, there is scarce any emotion in the mind which does not produce a suitable agitation in the fan; insomuch, that if I only see the fan of a disciplined lady, I know very well whether she laughs, frowns, or blushes. I have seen a fan so very angry, that it would have been dangerous for the absent lover who provoked it to have come within the wind of it; and at other times so very languishing,

ing, that I have been glad for the lady's sake the lover was at a sufficient distance from it. I need not add, that a fan is either a prude or coquette, according to the nature of the person who bears it. To conclude my letter, I must acquaint you that I have from my own observations compiled a little treatise for the use of my scholars, entitled 'The Passions of the Fan;' which I will communicate to you, if you think it may be of use to the public. I shall have a general review on Thursday next; to which you shall be very welcome if you will honour it with your presence.

I am, &c.

P.S. I teach young gentlemen the whole art of gallanting a fan.

N.B. I have several little plain fans made for this use, to avoid expense.

[*June* 27, 1711.]

WILL

WILL WIMBLE.

Gratis anhelans, multa agendo nihil agens.
—PHÆDR.

AS I was yesterday morning walking with Sir Roger before his house, a country-fellow brought him a huge fish, which, he told him, Mr. William Wimble had caught that very morning; and that he presented it, with his service to him, and intended to come and dine with him. At the same time he delivered a letter which my friend read to me as soon as the messenger left him.

SIR ROGER,

I DESIRE you to accept of a jack, which is the best I have caught this season. I intend to come and stay with you a week, and see how the perch bite in the Black River. I observed with some concern, the last

last time I saw you upon the bowling-green, that your whip wanted a lash to it; I will bring half-a-dozen with me that I twisted last week, which I hope will serve you all the time you are in the country. I have not been out of the saddle for six days last past, having been at Eton with Sir John's eldest son. He takes to his learning hugely.—I am, sir, your humble servant, WILL WIMBLE.

This extraordinary letter, and the message that accompanied it, made me very curious to know the character and quality of the gentleman who sent them, which I found to be as follows. Will Wimble is younger brother to a baronet, and descended of the ancient family of the Wimbles. He is now between forty and fifty; but being bred to no business and born to no estate, he generally lives with his elder brother as superintendent of his game. He hunts a pack of dogs better than any man in the country, and is very famous for finding out a hare. He is extremely well versed in all the little handicrafts of an idle man. He makes a May-fly to a miracle; and furnishes the whole country with angle-rods. As he is a good-natured officious fellow, and very much esteemed upon account of his family, he is a welcome guest

guest at every house, and keeps up a good correspondence among all the gentlemen about him. He carries a tulip-root in his pocket from one to another, or exchanges a puppy between a couple of friends that live perhaps in the opposite sides of the county. Will is a particular favourite of all the young heirs, whom he frequently obliges with a net that he has weaved or a setting-dog that he has 'made' himself. He now and then presents a pair of garters of his own knitting to their mothers or sisters; and raises a great deal of mirth among them, by inquiring as often as he meets them, 'How they wear?' These gentleman-like manufactures and obliging little humours make Will the darling of the country.

Sir Roger was proceeding in the character of him, when he saw him make up to us with two or three hazel-twigs in his hand that he had cut in Sir Roger's woods, as he came through them, in his way to the house. I was very much pleased to observe on one side the hearty and sincere welcome with which Sir Roger received him, and on the other, the secret joy which his guest discovered at sight of the good old knight. After the first salutes were over, Will desired Sir Roger to lend him one of his servants to carry a set of shuttlecocks he had with him in a little box

box to a lady that lived about a mile off, to whom it seems he had promised such a present for above this half-year. Sir Roger's back was no sooner turned, but honest Will began to tell me of a large cock-pheasant that he had sprung in one of the neighbouring woods, with two or three other adventures of the same nature. Odd and uncommon characters are the game that I look for, and most delight in; for which reason I was as much pleased with the novelty of the person that talked to me as he could be for his life with the springing of the pheasant, and therefore listened to him with more than ordinary attention.

In the midst of this discourse the bell rung to dinner, where the gentleman I have been speaking of had the pleasure of seeing the huge jack he had caught, served up for the first dish in a most sumptuous manner. Upon our sitting down to it, he gave us a long account how he had hooked it, played with it, foiled it, and at length drew it out upon the bank, with several other particulars that lasted all the first course. A dish of wild fowl that came afterwards furnished conversation for the rest of the dinner, which concluded with a late invention of Will's for improving the quail-pipe.

Upon withdrawing into my room after dinner, I

was

was secretly touched with compassion towards the honest gentleman that had dined with us; and could not but consider with a great deal of concern, how so good an heart and such busy hands were wholly employed in trifles; that so much humanity should be so little beneficial to others, and so much industry so little advantageous to himself. The same temper of mind and application to affairs might have recommended him to the public esteem, and have raised his fortune in another station of life. What good to his country or himself might not a trader or merchant have done with such useful though ordinary qualifications?

Will Wimble's is the case of many a younger brother of a great family, who had rather see their children starve like gentlemen, than thrive in a trade or profession that is beneath their quality. This humour fills several parts of Europe with pride and beggary. It is the happiness of a trading nation, like ours, that the younger sons, though incapable of any liberal art or profession, may be placed in such a way of life, as may perhaps enable them to vie with the best of their family: accordingly we find several citizens that were launched into the world with narrow fortunes, rising by an honest industry to greater

estates

estates than those of their elder brothers. It is not improbable but Will was formerly tried at divinity, law or physic; and that finding his genius did not lie that way, his parents gave him up at length to his own inventions. But certainly, however improper he might have been for studies of a higher nature, he was perfectly well turned for the occupations of trade and commerce.

[*July* 4, 1711.]

SIR

SIR ROGER DE COVERLEY'S ANCESTORS.

Abnormis sapiens ——————

—HOR.

I WAS this morning walking in the gallery, when Sir Roger entered at the end opposite to me, and advancing towards me, said he was glad to meet me among his relations the De Coverleys, and hoped I liked the conversation of so much good company, who were as silent as myself. I knew he alluded to the pictures, and as he is a gentleman who does not a little value himself upon his ancient descent, I expected he would give me some account of them. We were now arrived at the upper end of the gallery, when the knight faced towards one of the pictures, and as we stood before it, he entered into the matter, after his blunt way of saying things, as they occur to his

his imagination, without regular introduction, or care to preserve the appearance of chain of thought.

'It is,' said he, 'worth while to consider the force 'of dress; and how the persons of one age differ 'from those of another merely by that only. One 'may observe also, that the general fashion of one age 'has been followed by one particular set of people in 'another, and by them preserved from one generation 'to another. Thus the vast jetting coat and small 'bonnet, which was the habit in Harry the Seventh's 'time, is kept on in the yeomen of the guard; not 'without a good and politic view, because they look 'a foot taller, and a foot and a-half broader; besides, 'that the cap leaves the face expanded, and conse-'quently more terrible, and fitter to stand at the 'entrance of palaces.

'This predecessor of ours, you see, is dressed after 'this manner, and his cheeks would be no larger 'than mine, were he in a hat as I am. He was the 'last man that won a prize in the Tilt-Yard (which is 'now a common street before Whitehall.) You see 'the broken lance that lies there by his right foot; 'he shivered that lance of his adversary all to pieces; 'and bearing himself, look you, Sir, in this manner, 'at the same time he came within the target of the

'gentleman

'gentleman who rode against him, and taking him 'with incredible force before him on the pommel of 'his saddle, he in that manner rid the tournament 'over, with an air that shewed he did it rather 'to perform the rule of the lists than expose his 'enemy; however, it appeared he knew how to make 'use of a victory, and with a gentle trot he marched 'up to a gallery where their mistress sat (for they 'were rivals), and let him down with laudable cour-'tesy and pardonable insolence. I don't know but 'it might be exactly where the Coffee-house is now.

'You are to know this my ancestor was not only 'of a military genius, but fit also for the arts of peace, 'for he played on the bass-viol as well as any gentle-'man at court; you see where his viol hangs by his 'basket-hilt sword. The action at the Tilt-Yard you 'may be sure won the fair lady, who was a maid of 'honour, and the greatest beauty of her time; here 'she stands, the next picture. You see, Sir, my 'great-great-grandmother has on the new fashioned 'petticoat, except that the modern is gathered at the 'waist; my grandmother appears as if she stood in a 'large drum, whereas the ladies now walk as if they 'were in a go-cart. For all this lady was bred at 'court, she became an excellent country-wife, she

'brought

'brought ten children, and when I shew you the 'library, you shall see in her own hand (allowing for 'the difference of the language) the best receipt now 'in England both for an hasty pudding and a white-'pot.

'If you please to fall back a little, because 'tis 'necessary to look at the three next pictures at one 'view, these are three sisters. She on the right hand, 'who is so very beautiful, died a maid; the next to 'her, still handsomer, had the same fate, against her 'will; this homely thing in the middle had both 'their portions added to her own, and was stolen by 'a neighbouring gentleman, a man of stratagem and 'resolution, for he poisoned three mastiffs to come at 'her, and knocked down two deer-stealers in carrying 'her off. Misfortunes happen in all families: the 'theft of this romp and so much money, was no great 'matter to our estate. But the next heir that pos-'sessed it was this soft gentleman, whom you see 'there: observe the small buttons, the little boots, 'the laces, the slashes about his clothes, and above 'all the posture he is drawn in (which to be sure was 'his own choosing); you see he sits with one hand 'on a desk writing, and looking as it were another 'way, like an easy writer, or a sonneteer: he was

'one

'one of those that had too much wit to know how to 'live in the world; he was a man of no justice, but 'great good manners; he ruined everybody that had 'anything to do with him, but never said a rude 'thing in his life; the most indolent person in the 'world, he would sign a deed that passed away half 'his estate with his gloves on, but would not put on 'his hat before a lady, if it were to save his country. 'He is said to be the first that made love by squeezing 'the hand. He left the estate with ten thousand 'pounds debt upon it; but however, by all hands I 'have been informed that he was every way the finest 'gentleman in the world. That debt lay heavy on 'our house for one generation, but it was retrieved 'by a gift from that honest man you see there, a 'citizen of our name, but nothing at all akin to us. 'I know Sir Andrew Freeport has said behind my 'back that this man was descended from one of the 'ten children of the maid of honour I shewed you 'above; but it was never made out. We winked at 'the thing indeed, because money was wanting at 'that time.'

Here I saw my friend a little embarrassed, and turned my face to the next portraiture.

Sir Roger went on with his account of the gallery in

in the following manner. 'This man' (pointing to him I looked at) 'I take to be the honour of our 'house, Sir Humphrey de Coverley; he was in his 'dealings as punctual as a tradesman and as generous 'as a gentleman. He would have thought himself 'as much undone by breaking his word as if it were 'to be followed by bankruptcy. He served his 'country as knight of the shire to his dying day. 'He found it no easy matter to maintain an integrity 'in his words and actions, even in things that re-'garded the offices which were incumbent upon him, 'in the care of his own affairs and relations of life; 'and therefore dreaded (though he had great talents) 'to go into employments of state, where he must 'be exposed to the snares of ambition. Innocence of 'life and great ability were the distinguishing parts 'of his character; the latter, he had often observed, 'had led to the destruction of the former, and used 'frequently to lament that great and good had not 'the same signification. He was an excellent hus-'bandman, but had resolved not to exceed such a 'degree of wealth; all above it he bestowed in secret 'bounties many years after the sum he aimed at for 'his own use was attained. Yet he did not slacken 'his industry, but to a decent old age spent the life 'and

'and fortune which was superfluous to himself, in 'the service of his friends and neighbours.'

Here we were called to dinner, and Sir Roger ended the discourse of this gentleman, by telling me, as we followed the servant, that this his ancestor was a brave man, and narrowly escaped being killed in the civil wars; 'For,' said he, 'he was sent out of the 'field upon a private message, the day before the 'battle of Worcester.' The whim of narrowly escaping by having been within a day of danger, with other matters above-mentioned, mixed with good sense, left me at a loss whether I was more delighted with my friend's wisdom or simplicity.

[*July* 5, 1711.]

SIR ROGER DE COVERLEY HARE-HUNTING.

—— Vocat ingenti clamore Cithæron,
Taygetique canes ——
—VIRG.

THOSE who have searched into human nature observe, that nothing so much shews the nobleness of the soul, as that its felicity consists in action. Every man has such an active principle in him, that he will find out something to employ himself upon, in whatever place or state of life he is posted. I have heard of a gentleman who was under close confinement in the Bastile seven years; during which time he amused himself in scattering a few small pins about his chamber, gathering them up again, and placing them in different figures on the arm of a great chair. He often told his friends afterwards, that

that unless he had found out this piece of exercise, he verily believed he should have lost his senses.

After what has been said, I need not inform my readers, that Sir Roger, with whose character I hope they are at present pretty well acquainted, has in his youth gone through the whole course of those rural diversions which the country abounds in; and which seem to be extremely well suited to that laborious industry a man may observe here in a far greater degree than in towns and cities. I have before hinted at some of my friend's exploits: he has in his youthful days taken forty coveys of partridges in a season; and tired many a salmon with a line consisting but of a single hair. The constant thanks and good wishes of the neighbourhood always attended him, on account of his remarkable enmity towards foxes; having destroyed more of those vermin in one year, than it was thought the whole country could have produced. Indeed the knight does not scruple to own among his most intimate friends, that in order to establish his reputation this way, he has secretly sent for great numbers of them out of other counties, which he used to turn loose about the country by night, that he might the better signalise himself in their destruction the next day. His hunting-horses

were

were the finest and best managed in all these parts: his tenants are still full of the praises of a grey stone-horse that unhappily staked himself several years since, and was buried with great solemnity in the orchard.

Sir Roger, being at present too old for fox-hunting, to keep himself in action, has disposed of his beagles, and got a pack of Stop-hounds. What these want in speed, he endeavours to make amends for by the deepness of their mouths and the variety of their notes, which are suited in such a manner to each other, that the whole cry makes up a complete concert. He is so nice in this particular, that a gentleman having made him a present of a very fine hound the other day, the knight returned it by the servant with a great many expressions of civility; but desired him to tell his master, that the dog he had sent was indeed a most excellent bass, but that at present he only wanted a counter-tenor. Could I believe my friend had ever read Shakespeare, I should certainly conclude he had taken the hint from Theseus in the Midsummer Night's Dream.

My hounds are bred out of the Spartan kind,
So flew'd, so sanded; and their heads are hung
With ears that sweep away the morning dew;
Crooked-knee'd and dew-lapp'd like Thessalian bulls;

Slow

Slow in pursuit, but match'd in mouth like bells,
Each under each. **A cry more tuneable**
Was never holla'd to, nor cheer'd with horn.

Sir Roger is so keen at this sport, that he has been out almost every day since I came down; and upon the chaplain's offering to lend me his easy pad, I was prevailed on yesterday morning to make one of the company. I was extremely pleased, as we rid along, to observe the general benevolence of all the neighbourhood towards my friend. The farmers' sons thought themselves happy if they could open a gate for the good old knight as he passed by; which he generally requited with a nod or a smile, and a kind inquiry after their fathers and uncles.

After we had rid about a mile from home, we came upon a large heath, and the sportsmen began to beat. They had done so for some time, when, as I was at a little distance from the rest of the company, I saw a hare pop out from a small furze-brake almost under my horse's feet. I marked the way she took, which I endeavoured to make the company sensible of by extending my arm; but to no purpose, until Sir Roger, who knows that none of my extraordinary motions are insignificant, rode up to me, and asked me 'if Puss was gone that way?' Upon my answering 'Yes,'

'Yes,' he immediately called in the dogs, and put them upon the scent. As they were going off, I heard one of the country-fellows muttering to his companion, 'that 'twas a wonder they had not lost 'all their sport, for want of the silent gentleman's 'crying—*Stole away*.'

This, with my aversion to leaping hedges, made me withdraw to a rising ground, from whence I could have the pleasure of the whole chase, without the fatigue of keeping in with the hounds. The hare immediately threw them above a mile behind her; but I was pleased to find, that instead of running straight forwards, or in hunter's language, 'flying 'the country,' as I was afraid she might have done, she wheeled about, and described a sort of circle round the hill where I had taken my station, in such a manner as gave me a very distinct view of the sport. I could see her first pass by, and the dogs some time afterwards unravelling the whole track she had made, and following her through all her doubles. I was at the same time delighted in observing that deference which the rest of the pack paid to each particular hound, according to the character he had acquired amongst them: if they were at a fault, and an old hound of reputation opened but once, he was immediately

mediately followed by the whole cry; while a raw dog, or one who was a noted liar, might have yelped his heart out, without being taken notice of.

The hare now, after having squatted two or three times, and been put up again as often, came still nearer to the place where she was at first started. The dogs pursued her, and these were followed by the jolly knight, who rode upon a white gelding, encompassed by his tenants and servants, and cheering his hounds with all the gaiety of five-and-twenty. One of the sportsmen rode up to me, and told me, that he was sure the chase was almost at an end, because the old dogs, which had hitherto lain behind, now headed the pack. The fellow was in the right. Our hare took a large field just under us, followed by the full cry 'in view.' I must confess the brightness of the weather, the cheerfulness of everything around me, the chiding of the hounds, which was returned upon us in a double echo from two neighbouring hills, with the hollaing of the sportsman, and the sounding of the horn, lifted my spirits into a most lively pleasure, which I freely indulged, because I was sure it was innocent. If I was under any concern, it was on the account of the poor hare, that was now quite spent, and almost within the reach of her enemies; when

when the huntsman getting forward, threw down his pole before the dogs. They were now within eight yards of that game which they had been pursuing for almost as many hours; yet on the signal before-mentioned they all made a sudden stand, and though they continued opening as much as before, durst not once attempt to pass beyond the pole. At the same time Sir Roger rode forward, and alighting, took up the hare in his arms; which he soon delivered up to one of his servants, with an order, if she could be kept alive, to let her go in his great orchard; where it seems he has several of these prisoners of war, who live together in a very comfortable captivity. I was highly pleased to see the discipline of the pack, and the good-nature of the knight, who could not find in his heart to murder a creature that had given him so much diversion.

[*July* 13, 1711.]

THE CITIZEN'S JOURNAL.

——— *fruges consumere nati.*

—HOR.

AUGUSTUS, a few moments before his death, asked his friends who stood about him, if they thought he had acted his part well; and upon receiving such an answer as was due to his extraordinary merit—'Let me then,' says he, 'go off the stage 'with your applause;' using the expression with which the Roman actors made their *Exit* at the conclusion of a dramatic piece. I could wish that men, while they are in health, would consider well the nature of the part they are engaged in, and what figure it will make in the minds of those they leave behind them: whether it was worth coming into the world for; whether it be suitable to a reasonable being; in short, whether it appears graceful in this life,

life, or will turn to an advantage in the next. Let the sycophant, or buffoon, the satirist, or the good companion, consider with himself, when his body shall be laid in the grave, and his soul pass into another state of existence, how much it would redound to his praise to have it said of him, that no man in England eat better, that he had an admirable talent at turning his friends into ridicule, that nobody outdid him at an ill-natured jest, or that he never went to bed before he had despatched his third bottle. These are, however, very common funeral orations, and eulogiums on deceased persons who have acted among mankind with some figure and reputation.

But if we look into the bulk of our species, they are such as are not likely to be remembered a moment after their disappearance. They leave behind them no traces of their existence, but are forgotten as though they had never been. They are neither wanted by the poor, regretted by the rich, nor celebrated by the learned. They are neither missed in the commonwealth, nor lamented by private persons. Their actions are of no significancy to mankind, and might have been performed by creatures of much less dignity than those who are distinguished by the faculty of reason. An eminent French author speaks somewhere

somewhere to the following purpose: 'I have often 'seen from my chamber-window two noble creatures, 'both of them of an erect countenance, and endowed 'with reason. These two intellectual beings are 'employed from morning to night, in rubbing two 'smooth stones upon one another; that is, as the 'vulgar phrase it, in polishing marble.'

My friend, Sir Andrew Freeport, as we were sitting in the club last night, gave us an account of a sober citizen, who died a few days since. This honest man being of greater consequence in his own thoughts, than in the eye of the world, had for some years past kept a journal of his life. Sir Andrew shewed us one week of it. Since the occurrences set down in it mark out such a road of action as that I have been speaking of, I shall present my reader with a faithful copy of it; after having first informed him, that the deceased person had in his youth been bred to trade, but finding himself not so well turned for business, he had for several years last past lived altogether upon a moderate annuity.

MONDAY, eight a-clock. I put on my clothes, and walked into the parlour.

Nine

Nine a-clock ditto. Tied my knee-strings, and washed my hands.

Hours ten, eleven, and twelve. Smoked three pipes of Virginia. Read the Supplement and Daily Courant. Things go ill in the north. Mr. Nisby's opinion thereupon.

One a-clock in the afternoon. Chid Ralph for mislaying my tobacco-box.

Two a-clock. Sat down to dinner. Mem. Too many plums, and no suet.

From three to four. Took my afternoon's nap.

From four to six. Walked into the fields. Wind, S. S. E.

From six to ten. At the club. Mr. Nisby's opinion about the peace.

Ten a-clock. Went to bed, slept sound.

Tuesday, being holiday, eight a-clock. Rose as usual.

Nine a-clock. Washed hands and face, shaved, put on my double-soled shoes.

Ten, eleven, twelve. Took a walk to Islington.

One. Took a pot of mother Cob's mild.

Between two and three. Returned, dined on a knuckle

knuckle of veal and bacon. Mem. Sprouts wanting.

Three. Nap as usual.

From four to six. Coffee-house. Read the news. A dish of twist. Grand Vizier strangled.

From six to ten. At the club. Mr. Nisby's account of the Great Turk.

Ten. Dream of the Grand Vizier. Broken sleep.

WEDNESDAY, eight a-clock. Tongue of my shoe-buckle broke. Hands but not face.

Nine. Paid off the butcher's bill. Mem. To be allowed for the last leg of mutton.

Ten, eleven. At the coffee-house. More work in the north. Stranger in a black wig asked me how stocks went.

From twelve to one. Walked in the fields. Wind to the south.

From one to two. Smoked a pipe and a half.

Two. Dined as usual. Stomach good.

Three. Nap broke by the falling of a pewter dish. Mem. Cook-maid in love, and grown careless.

From four to six. At the coffee-house. Advice from Smyrna, that the Grand Vizier was first of all strangled, and afterwards beheaded.

Six

Six a-clock in the evening. Was half an hour in the club before any body else came. Mr. Nisby of opinion that the Grand Vizier was not strangled the sixth instant.

Ten at night. Went to bed. Slept without waking until nine next morning.

THURSDAY, nine a-clock. Stayed within until two a-clock for Sir Timothy; who did not bring me my annuity according to his promise.

Two in the afternoon. Sat down to dinner. Loss of appetite. Small-beer sour. Beef over-corned.

Three. Could not take my nap.

Four and five. Gave Ralph a box on the ear. Turned off my cook-maid. Sent a messenger to Sir Timothy. Mem. I did not go to the club to-night. Went to bed at nine a-clock.

FRIDAY. Passed the morning in meditation upon Sir Timothy, who was with me a quarter before twelve.

Twelve a-clock. Bought a new head to my cane, and a tongue to my buckle. Drank a glass of purl to recover appetite.

Two and three. Dined, and slept well.

From

From four to six. Went to the coffee-house. Met Mr. Nisby there. Smoked several pipes. Mr. Nisby of opinion that laced coffee is bad for the head.

Six a-clock. At the club as steward. Sat late.

Twelve a-clock. Went to bed, dreamt that I drank small beer with the Grand Vizier.

SATURDAY. Waked at eleven, walked in the fields, wind N. E.

Twelve. Caught in a shower.

One in the Afternoon. Returned home, and dried myself.

Two. Mr. Nisby dined with me. First course, marrow-bones; second, ox-cheek, with a bottle of Brooks and Hellier.

Three a-clock. Overslept myself.

Six. Went to the club. Like to have fallen into a gutter. Grand Vizier certainly dead, &c.

I question not but the reader will be surprised to find the above-mentioned journalist taking so much care of a life that was filled with such inconsiderable actions, and received so very small improvements; and yet, if we look into the behaviour of many whom we daily converse with, we shall find that most of their

their hours are taken up in those three important articles of eating, drinking, and sleeping. I do not suppose that a man loses his time, who is not engaged in public affairs, or in an illustrious course of action. On the contrary, I believe our hours may very often be more profitably laid out in such transactions as make no figure in the world, than in such as are apt to draw upon them the attention of mankind. One may become wiser and better by several methods of employing one's self in secrecy and silence, and do what is laudable without noise or ostentation. I would, however, recommend to every one of my readers, the keeping a journal of their lives for one week, and setting down punctually their whole series of employments during that space of time. This kind of self-examination would give them a true state of themselves, and incline them to consider seriously what they are about. One day would rectify the omissions of another, and make a man weigh all those indifferent actions, which, though they are easily forgotten, must certainly be accounted for.

[*March* 4, 1712.]

THE

THE FINE LADY'S JOURNAL.

—— Modo vir, modo foemina ——

—VIRG.

THE journal with which I presented my reader on Tuesday last, has brought me in several letters, with accounts of many private lives cast into that form. I have the Rake's Journal, the Sot's Journal, and among several others a very curious piece, entitled—'The Journal of a Mohock.' By these instances I find that the intention of my last Tuesday's paper has been mistaken by many of my readers. I did not design so much to expose vice as idleness, and aimed at those persons who pass away their time rather in trifle and impertinence, than in crimes and immoralities. Offences of this latter kind are not to be dallied with, or treated in so ludicrous a manner. In short, my journal only holds up folly to the light,

and

and shews the disagreeableness of such actions as are indifferent in themselves, and blameable only as they proceed from creatures endowed with reason.

My following correspondent, who calls herself *Clarinda*, is such a journalist as I require: she seems by her letter to be placed in a modish state of indifference between vice and virtue, and to be susceptible of either, were there proper pains taken with her. Had her journal been filled with gallantries, or such occurrences as had shewn her wholly divested of her natural innocence, notwithstanding it might have been more pleasing to the generality of readers, I should not have published it; but as it is only the picture of a life filled with a fashionable kind of gaiety and laziness, I shall set down five days of it, as I have received it from the hand of my fair correspondent.

DEAR MR. SPECTATOR,

YOU having set your readers an exercise in one of your last week's papers, I have performed mine according to your orders, and herewith send it you inclosed. You must know, Mr. Spectator, that I am a maiden lady of a good fortune, who have had several matches offered me for these ten years last past, and have at present warm applications made to me by a very

very pretty fellow. As I am at my own disposal, I come up to town every winter, and pass my time in it after the manner you will find in the following journal, which I began to write upon the very day after your Spectator upon that subject.

TUESDAY night. Could not go to sleep till one in the morning for thinking of my journal.

WEDNESDAY. From eight till ten. Drank two dishes of chocolate in bed, and fell asleep after them.

From ten to eleven. Eat a slice of bread and butter, drank a dish of bohea, read the Spectator.

From eleven to one. At my toilette, tried a new head. Gave orders for Veny to be combed and washed. Mem. I look best in blue.

From one till half an hour after two. Drove to the Change. Cheapened a couple of fans.

Till four. At dinner. Mem. Mr. Froth passed by in his new liveries.

From four to six. Dressed, paid a visit to old Lady Blithe and her sister, having before heard they were gone out of town that day.

From six to eleven. At Basset. Mem. Never set again upon the ace of diamonds.

THURSDAY.

THURSDAY. From eleven at night to eight in the morning. Dreamed that I punted to Mr. Froth.

From eight to ten. Chocolate. Read two acts in Aurengzebe a-bed.

From ten to eleven. Tea-table. Read the play-bills. Received a letter from Mr. Froth. Mem. Locked it up in my strong box.

Rest of the morning. Fontange, the tire-woman, her account of my Lady Blithe's wash. Broke a tooth in my little tortoise-shell comb. Sent Frank to know how my Lady Hectic rested after her monkey's leaping out at window. Looked pale. Fontange tells me my glass is not true. Dressed by three.

From three to four. Dinner cold before I sat down.

From four to eleven. Saw company. Mr. Froth's opinion of Milton. His account of the Mohocks. His fancy for a pin-cushion. Picture in the lid of his snuff-box. Old Lady Faddle promises me her woman to cut my hair. Lost five guineas at crimp.

Twelve a'clock at night. Went to bed.

FRIDAY. Eight in the morning. A-bed. Read over all Mr. Froth's letters.

Ten a'clock. Staid within all day, not at home.

From

From ten to twelve. In conference with my mantua-maker. Sorted a suit of ribbons. Broke my blue china cup.

From twelve to one. Shut myself up in my chamber, practised Lady Betty Modely's skuttle.

One in the afternoon. Called for my flowered handkerchief. Worked half a violet-leaf in it. Eyes ached and head out of order. Threw by my work, and read over the remaining part of Aurengzebe.

From three to four. Dined.

From four to twelve. Changed my mind, dressed, went abroad, and played at crimp till midnight. Found Mrs. Spitely at home. Conversation: Mrs. Brilliant's necklace false stones. Old Lady Loveday going to be married to a young fellow that is not worth a groat. Miss Prue gone into the country. Tom Townley has red hair. Mem. Mrs. Spitely whispered in my ear that she had something to tell me about Mr. Froth, I am sure it is not true.

Between twelve and one. Dreamed that Mr. Froth lay at my feet, and called me Indamora.

SATURDAY. Rose at eight a'clock in the morning. Sat down to my toilette.

From eight to nine. Shifted a patch for half an hour

hour before I could determine it. Fixed it above my left eye-brow.

From nine to twelve. Drank my tea, and dressed.

From twelve to two. At chapel. A great deal of good company. Mem. The third air in the new opera. Lady Blithe dressed frightfully.

From three to four. Dined. Miss Kitty called upon me to go to the opera before I was risen from table.

From dinner to six. Drank tea. Turned off a footman for being rude to Veny.

Six a'clock. Went to the opera. I did not see Mr. Froth till the beginning of the second act. Mr. Froth talked to a gentleman in a black wig. Bowed to a lady in the front box. Mr. Froth and his friend clapped Nicolini in the third act. Mr. Froth cried out Ancora. Mr Froth led me to my chair. I think he squeezed my hand.

Eleven at night. Went to bed. Melancholy dreams. Methought Nicolini said he was Mr. Froth.

SUNDAY. Indisposed.

MONDAY. Eight a'clock. Waked by Miss Kitty. Aurengzebe lay upon the chair by me. Kitty repeated without

without book the eight best lines in the play. Went in our mobs to the dumb man according to appointment. Told me that my lover's name began with a G. Mem. The conjurer was within a letter of Mr. Froth's name, &c.

Upon looking back into this my journal, I find that I am at a loss to know whether I pass my time well or ill; and indeed never thought of considering how I did it before I perused your speculation upon that subject. I scarce find a single action in these five days that I can thoroughly approve of, except the working upon the violet-leaf, which I am resolved to finish the first day I am at leisure. As for Mr. Froth and Veny, I did not think they took up so much of my time and thoughts as I find they do upon my journal. The latter of them I will turn off, if you insist upon it; and if Mr. Froth does not bring matters to a conclusion very suddenly, I will not let my life run away in a dream. Your humble servant,

CLARINDA.

To resume one of the morals of my first paper, and to confirm Clarinda in her good inclinations, I would have her consider what a pretty figure she would make among

among posterity, were the history of her whole life published like these five days of it. I shall conclude my paper with an epitaph written by an uncertain author on Sir Philip Sidney's sister, a lady, who seems to have been of a temper very much different from that of Clarinda. The last thought of it is so very noble, that I dare say my reader will pardon me the quotation.

ON THE COUNTESS DOWAGER OF PEMBROKE.

UNDERNEATH this marble hearse
Lies the subject of all verse,
Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother:
Death, ere thou hast kill'd another,
Fair, and learned, and good as she,
Time shall throw a dart at thee.

[*March* 11, 1712.]

SIR

SIR ROGER DE COVERLEY AT THE PLAY.

Respicere exemplar vitæ morumque jubebo
Doctum imitatorem, et veras hinc ducere voces.
—HOR.

MY friend Sir Roger de Coverley, when we last met together at the club, told me that he had a great mind to see the new tragedy with me, assuring me, at the same time, that he had not been at a play these twenty years. 'The last I saw,' said Sir Roger, 'was the Committee, which I should not have 'gone to neither, had not I been told before-hand, 'that it was a good Church of England comedy.' He then proceeded to inquire of me who this distressed mother was; and upon hearing that she was Hector's widow, he told me that her husband was a brave man, and that when he was a school-boy he had read

read his life at the end of the dictionary. My friend asked me, in the next place, if there would not be some danger in coming home late, in case the Mohocks should be abroad. 'I assure you,' says he, 'I thought I had fallen into their hands last night; 'for I observed two or three lusty black men that 'followed me half-way up Fleet Street, and mended 'their pace behind me, in proportion as I put on to get 'away from them. You must know,' continued the knight with a smile, 'I fancied they had a mind to '*hunt* me; for I remember an honest gentleman in 'my neighbourhood, who was served such a trick in 'King Charles the Second's time; for which reason 'he has not ventured himself in town ever since. I 'might have shewn them very good sport, had this 'been their design; for as I am an old fox-hunter, I 'should have turned and dodged, and have played 'them a thousand tricks they had never seen in their 'lives before.' Sir Roger added, that if these gentlemen had any such intention, they did not succeed very well in it: 'for I threw them out,' says he, 'at the 'end of Norfolk Street, where I doubled the corner 'and got shelter in my lodgings before they could 'imagine what was become of me. However,' says the knight, 'if Captain Sentry will make one with us

'to-morrow

'to-morrow night, and you will both of you call 'upon me about four o'clock, that we may be at the 'house before it is full, I will have my own coach in 'readiness to attend you, for John tells me he has got 'the fore-wheels mended.'

The Captain, who did not fail to meet me there at the appointed hour, bid Sir Roger fear nothing, for that he had put on the same sword which he made use of at the battle of Steenkirk. Sir Roger's servants, and among the rest my old friend the butler, had, I found, provided themselves with good oaken plants, to attend their master upon this occasion. When he had placed him in his coach, with myself at his left hand, the Captain before him, and his butler at the head of his footmen in the rear, we convoyed him in safety to the play-house, where, after having marched up the entry in good order, the Captain and I went in with him, and seated him betwixt us in the pit. As soon as the house was full, and the candles lighted, my old friend stood up and looked about him with that pleasure, which a mind seasoned with humanity naturally feels in itself, at the sight of a multitude of people who seem pleased with one another, and partake of the same common entertainment. I could not but fancy to myself, as the old

man

man stood up in the middle of the pit, that he made a very proper centre to a tragic audience. Upon the entering of Pyrrhus, the knight told me that he did not believe the King of France himself had a better strut. I was indeed very attentive to my old friend's remarks, because I looked upon them as a piece of natural criticism, and was well pleased to hear him, at the conclusion of almost every scene, telling me that he could not imagine how the play would end. One while he appeared much concerned for Andromache; and a little while after as much for Hermione; and was extremely puzzled to think what would become of Pyrrhus.

When Sir Roger saw Andromache's obstinate refusal to her lover's importunities, he whispered me in the ear, that he was sure she would never have him; to which he added, with a more than ordinary vehemence—'You can't imagine, Sir, what 'tis to have to do with 'a widow.' Upon Pyrrhus's threatening afterwards to leave her, the knight shook his head and muttered to himself—'Ay, do if you can.' This part dwelt so much upon my friend's imagination, that at the close of the third act, as I was thinking of something else, he whispered me in the ear—'These widows, Sir, are 'the most perverse creatures in the world. But

'pray,'

'pray,' says he, 'you that are a critic, is the play 'according to your dramatic rules, as you call them? 'Should your people in tragedy always talk to be 'understood? Why, there is not a single sentence 'in this play that I do not know the meaning of.'

The fourth act very luckily begun before I had time to give the old gentleman an answer: 'Well,' says the knight, sitting down with great satisfaction, 'I 'suppose we are now to see Hector's ghost.' He then renewed his attention, and, from time to time, fell a praising the widow. He made, indeed, a little mistake as to one of her pages, whom, at his first entering, he took for Astyanax; but quickly set himself right in that particular, though, at the same time, he owned he should have been very glad to have seen the little boy, who, says he, must needs be a fine child by the account that is given of him. Upon Hermione's going off with a menace to Pyrrhus, the audience gave a loud clap, to which Sir Roger added —'On my word, a notable young baggage!'

As there was a very remarkable silence and stillness in the audience during the whole action, it was natural for them to take the opportunity of the intervals between the acts, to express their opinion of the players, and of their respective parts. Sir Roger

hearing

hearing a cluster of them praise Orestes, struck in with them, and told them, that he thought his friend Pylades was a very sensible man; as they were afterwards applauding Pyrrhus, Sir Roger put in a second time: 'And let me tell you,' says he, 'though he 'speaks but little, I like the old fellow in whiskers as 'well as any of them.' Captain Sentry seeing two or three wags, who sat near us, lean with an attentive ear towards Sir Roger, and fearing lest they should smoke the knight, plucked him by the elbow, and whispered something in his ear, that lasted till the opening of the fifth act. The knight was wonderfully attentive to the account which Orestes gives of Pyrrhus's death; and at the conclusion of it, told me it was such a bloody piece of work, that he was glad it was not done upon the stage. Seeing afterwards Orestes in his raving fit, he grew more than ordinary serious, and took occasion to moralise (in his way) upon an evil conscience; adding, that Orestes, in his madness, looked as if he saw something.

As we were the first that came into the house, so we were the last that went out of it; being resolved to have a clear passage for our old friend, whom we did not care to venture among the justling of the crowd. Sir Roger went out fully satisfied with his entertainment,

entertainment, and we guarded him to his lodging in the same manner that we brought him to the play-house; being highly pleased, for my own part, not only with the performance of the excellent piece which had been presented, but with the satisfaction which it had given the old man.

[*March* 25, 1712.]

A DAY'S RAMBLE IN LONDON.

Sine me, vacivum tempus ne quod dem mihi
Laboris. —TER.

IT is an inexpressible pleasure to know a little of the world, and be of no character or significancy in it.

To be ever unconcerned, and ever looking on new objects with an endless curiosity, is a delight known only to those who are turned for speculation: nay, they who enjoy it, must value things only as they are the objects of speculation, without drawing any worldly advantage to themselves from them, but just as they are what contribute to their amusements, or the improvement of the mind. I lay one night last week at Richmond; and being restless, not out of dissatisfaction, but a certain busy inclination one sometimes has, I rose at four in the morning, and took

took boat for London, with a resolution to rove by boat and coach for the next four and twenty hours, until the many different objects I must needs meet with should tire my imagination, and give me an inclination to a repose more profound than I was at that time capable of. I beg people's pardon for an odd humour I am guilty of, and was often that day, which is saluting any person whom I like, whether I know him or not. This is a particularity would be tolerated in me, if they considered that the greatest pleasure I know I receive at my eyes, and that I am obliged to an agreeable person for coming abroad into my view, as another is for a visit of conversation at their own houses.

The hours of the day and night are taken up in the cities of London and Westminster, by people as different from each other as those who are born in different centuries. Men of six a-clock give way to those of nine, they of nine to the generation of twelve, and they of twelve disappear, and make room for the fashionable world who have made two a-clock the noon of the day.

When we first put off from shore, we soon fell in with a fleet of gardeners bound for the several market-ports of London; and it was the most pleasing scene imaginable

imaginable to see the cheerfulness with which those industrious people plied their way to a certain sale of their goods. The banks on each side are as well peopled, and beautified with as agreeable plantations as any spot on the earth; but the Thames itself, loaded with the product of each shore, added very much to the landscape. It was very easy to observe by their sailing, and the countenances of the ruddy virgins, who were super-cargoes, the parts of the town to which they were bound. There was an air in the purveyors for Covent Garden, who frequently converse with morning rakes, very unlike the seemly sobriety of those bound for Stocks Market.

Nothing remarkable happened in our voyage; but I landed with ten sail of apricot boats at Strand Bridge, after having put in at Nine-Elms, and taken in melons, consigned by Mr. Cuffe of that place, to Sarah Sewell and company, at their stall in Covent Garden. We arrived at Strand-Bridge at six of the clock, and were unloading, when the hackney-coachmen of the foregoing night took their leave of each other at the Dark-house, to go to bed before the day was too far spent. Chimney-sweepers passed by us as we made up to the market, and some raillery happened between one of the fruit-wenches and those black

black men, about the Devil and Eve, with allusion to their several professions. I could not believe any place more entertaining than Covent Garden; where I strolled from one fruit shop to another, with crowds of agreeable young women around me, who were purchasing fruit for their respective families. It was almost eight of the clock before I could leave that variety of objects. I took coach and followed a young lady, who tripped into another just before me, attended by her maid. I saw immediately she was of the family of the Vain-loves. There are a set of these who of all things affect the play of Blindman's-buff, and leading men into love for they know not whom, who are fled they know not where. This sort of woman is usually a jaunty slattern; she hangs on her clothes, plays her head, varies her posture, and changes place incessantly; and all with an appearance of striving at the same time to hide herself, and yet give you to understand she is in humour to laugh at you. You must have often seen the coachmen make signs with their fingers as they drive by each other, to intimate how much they have got that day. They can carry on that language to give intelligence where they are driving. In an instant my coachman took the wink to pursue, and the lady's driver gave the hint that he

was

was going through Long-Acre, towards St. James's. While he whipped up James-Street, we drove for King-Street, to save the pass at St. Martin's-Lane. The coachmen took care to meet, jostle, and threaten each other for way, and be entangled at the end of Newport-Street and Long-Acre. The fright, you must believe, brought down the lady's coach-door, and obliged her, with her mask off, to enquire into the bustle, when she sees the man she would avoid. The tackle of the coach-window is so bad she cannot draw it up again, and she drives on sometimes wholly discovered, and sometimes half escaped, according to the accident of carriages in her way. One of these ladies keeps her seat in a hackney-coach, as well as the best rider does on a managed horse. The laced shoe of her left foot, with a careless gesture, just appearing on the opposite cushion, held her both firm, and in a proper attitude to receive the next jolt.

As she was an excellent coach-woman, many were the glances at each other which we had for an hour and an half, in all parts of the town, by the skill of our drivers; until at last my lady was conveniently lost with notice from her coachman to ours to make off, and he should hear where she went. This chase was now at an end, and the fellow who drove her came

came to us, and discovered that he was ordered to come again in an hour, for that she was a Silk-worm. I was surprised with this phrase, but found it was a cant among the hackney fraternity for their best customers, women who ramble twice or thrice a week from shop to shop, to turn over all the goods in town without buying anything. The Silk-worms are, it seems, indulged by the tradesmen; for though they never buy, they are ever talking of new silks, laces, and ribbons, and serve the owners, in getting them customers as their common dunners do in making them pay.

The day of people of fashion began now to break, and carts and hacks were mingled with equipages of show and vanity; when I resolved to walk it out of cheapness; but my unhappy curiosity is such, that I find it always my interest to take coach, for some odd adventure among beggars, ballad-singers, or the like, detains and throws me into expense. It happened so immediately; for at the corner of Warwick Street, as I was listening to a new ballad, a ragged rascal, a beggar who knew me, came up to me, and began to turn the eyes of the good company upon me, by telling me he was extreme poor, and should die in the street for want of drink, except I immediately would

would have the charity to give him sixpence to go into the next alehouse and save his life. He urged, with a melancholy face, that all his family had died of thirst. All the mob have humour, and two or three began to take the jest; by which Mr. Sturdy carried his point, and let me sneak off to a coach. As I drove along, it was a pleasing reflection to see the world so prettily checkered since I left Richmond, and the scene still filling with children of a new hour. This satisfaction increased as I moved towards the city, and gay signs, well disposed streets, magnificent public structures, and wealthy shops, adorned with contented faces, made the joy still rising till we came into the centre of the city, and centre of the world of trade, the Exchange of London. As other men in the crowds about me were pleased with their hopes and bargains, I found my account in observing them, in attention to their several interests. I, indeed, looked upon myself as the richest man that walked the Exchange that day; for my benevolence made me share the gains of every bargain that was made. It was not the least of my satisfactions in my survey, to go up stairs, and pass the shops of agreeable females; to observe so many pretty hands busy in the folding of ribbons, and the utmost cagerness of agreeable faces

faces in the sale of patches, pins, and wires, on each side the counters, was an amusement in which I should longer have indulged myself, had not the dear creatures called to me to ask what I wanted, when I could not answer, only 'To look at you.' I went to one of the windows which opened to the area below, where all the several voices lost their distinction, and rose up in a confused humming, which created in me a reflection that could not come into the mind of any but of one a little too studious; for I said to myself, with a kind of pun in thought—'What nonsense 'is all the hurry of this world to those who are above 'it?' In these, or not much wiser thoughts, I had like to have lost my place at the chop-house, where every man, according to the natural bashfulness or sullenness of our nation, eats in a public room a mess of broth, or chop of meat, in dumb silence, as if they had no pretence to speak to each other on the foot of being men, except they were of each other's acquaintance.

I went afterwards to Robin's, and saw people who had dined with me at the fivepenny ordinary just before, give bills for the value of large estates; and could not but behold with great pleasure, property lodged in, and transferred in a moment from such as would

would never be masters of half as much as is seemingly in them, and given from them every day they live. But before five in the afternoon I left the city, came to my common scene of Covent Garden, and passed the evening at Will's, in attending the discourses of several sets of people, who relieved each other within my hearing on the subject of cards, dice, love, learning, and politics. The last subject kept me until I heard the streets in the possession of the bellman, who had now the world to himself, and cried—'Past two of the clock.' This roused me from my seat, and I went to my lodging, led by a light, whom I put into the discourse of his private economy, and made him give me an account of the charge, hazard, profit, and loss of a family that depended upon a link, with a design to end my trivial day with the generosity of sixpence, instead of a third part of that sum. When I came to my chambers I writ down these minutes; but was at a loss what instruction I should propose to my reader from the enumeration of so many insignificant matters and occurrences; and I thought it of great use, if they could learn with me to keep their minds open to gratification, and ready to receive it from anything it meets with. This one circumstance will make every face you see give you the

the satisfaction you now take in beholding that of a friend; will make every object a pleasing one; will make all the good which arrives to any man, an increase of happiness to yourself.

[*August* 11, 1712.]

DICK

DICK ESTCOURT: IN MEMORIAM.

Erat homo ingeniosus, acutus, acer, et qui plurimum et salis haberet et fellis, nec candoris minus.—PLIN.

MY paper is in a kind a letter of news, but it regards rather what passes in the world of conversation than that of business. I am very sorry that I have at present a circumstance before me, which is of very great importance to all who have a relish for gaiety, wit, mirth, or humour; I mean the death of poor Dick Estcourt. I have been obliged to him for so many hours of jollity, that it is but a small recompense, though all I can give him, to pass a moment or two in sadness for the loss of so agreeable a man. Poor Estcourt! the last time I saw him, we were plotting to shew the town his great capacity for acting in its full light, by introducing him as dictating to a set of young players in what manner to speak this sentence,

sentence, and utter t'other passion.—He had so exquisite a discerning of what was defective in any object before him, that in an instant he could show you the ridiculous side of what would pass for beautiful and just, even to men of no ill judgment, before he had pointed at the failure. He was no less skilful in the knowledge of beauty; and, I dare say, there is no one who knew him well, but can repeat more well-turned compliments, as well as smart repartees, of Mr. Estcourt's, than of any other man in England. This was easily to be observed in his inimitable faculty of telling a story, in which he would throw in natural and unexpected incidents to make his court to one part, and rally the other part of the company: then he would vary the usage he gave them, according as he saw them bear kind or sharp language. He had the knack to raise up a pensive temper, and mortify an impertinently gay one, with the most agreeable skill imaginable. There are a thousand things which crowd into my memory, which make me too much concerned to tell on about him. Hamlet holding up the skull which the gravedigger threw to him, with an account that it was the head of the king's jester, falls into very pleasing reflections, and cries out to his companion—

'Alas, poor Yorick! I knew him, Horatio: a

'fellow

'fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy: he 'hath borne me on his back a thousand times; and 'now how abhorred in my imagination it is! my gorge 'rises at it. Here hung those lips that I have kissed 'I know not how oft. Where be your gibes now? 'your gambols? your songs? your flashes of merri-'ment, that were wont to set the table on a roar? 'Not one now to mock your own grinning? quite 'chop-fallen? Now get you to my lady's chamber, 'and tell her, let her paint an inch thick, to this 'favour she must come; make her laugh at that.'

It is an insolence natural to the wealthy, to affix, as much as in them lies, the character of a man to his circumstances. Thus it is ordinary with them to praise faintly the good qualities of those below them, and say, it is very extraordinary in such a man as he is, or the like, when they are forced to acknowledge the value of him whose lowness upbraids their exaltation. It is to this humour only, that it is to be ascribed that a quick wit in conversation, a nice judgment upon any emergency that could arise, and a most blameless inoffensive behaviour could not raise this man above being received only upon the foot of contributing to mirth and diversion. But he was as easy under that condition, as a man of so excellent

excellent talents was capable, and since they would have it that to divert was his business, he did it with all the seeming alacrity imaginable, though it stung him to the heart that it was his business. Men of sense, who could taste his excellencies, were well satisfied to let him lead the way in conversation, and play after his own manner; but fools who provoked him to mimicry, found he had the indignation to let it be at their expense, who called for it, and he would show the form of conceited heavy fellows as jests to the company at their own request, in revenge for interrupting him from being a companion to put on the character of a jester.

What was peculiarly excellent in this memorable companion, was, that in the account he gave of persons and sentiments, he did not only hit the figure of their faces, and manner of their gestures, but he would in his narration fall into their very way of thinking, and this when he recounted passages wherein men of the best wit were concerned, as well as such wherein were represented men of the lowest rank of understanding. It is certainly as great an instance of self-love to a weakness, to be impatient of being mimicked, as any can be imagined. There were none but the vain, the formal, the proud, or those

those who were incapable of amending their faults, that dreaded him; to others he was in the highest degree pleasing; and I do not know any satisfaction of any indifferent kind I ever tasted so much as having got over an impatience of my seeing myself in the air he could put me when I have displeased him. It is indeed to his exquisite talent this way, more than any philosophy I could read on the subject, that my person is very little of my care, and it is indifferent to me what is said of my shape, my air, my manner, my speech, or my address. It is to poor Estcourt I chiefly owe that I am arrived at the happiness of thinking nothing a diminution to me but what argues a depravity of my will.

It has as much surprised me as anything in nature, to have it frequently said, That he was not a good player: but that must be owing to a partiality for former actors in the parts in which he succeeded them, and judging by comparison of what was liked before, rather than by the nature of the thing. When a man of his wit and smartness could put on an utter absence of common sense in his face, as he did in the character of Bullfinch in the Northern Lass, and an air of insipid cunning and vivacity in the character of Pounce in the Tender Husband, it

is

is folly to dispute his capacity and success, as he was an actor.

Poor Estcourt! let the vain and proud be at rest, they will no more disturb their admiration of their dear selves, and thou art no longer to drudge in raising the mirth of stupids, who know nothing of thy merit, for thy maintenance.

It is natural for the generality of mankind to run into reflections upon our mortality, when disturbers of the world are laid at rest, but to take no notice when they who can please and divert are pulled from us: but for my part, I cannot but think the loss of such talents as the man of whom I am speaking was master of, a more melancholy instance of mortality than the dissolution of persons of never so high characters in the world, whose pretensions were that they were noisy and mischievous.

But I must grow more succinct, and as a SPECTATOR, give an account of this extraordinary man, who, in his way, never had an equal in any age before him, or in that wherein he lived. I speak of him as a companion, and a man qualified for conversation. His fortune exposed him to an obsequiousness towards the worst sort of company, but his excellent qualities rendered him capable of making the best

figure

figure in the most refined. I have been present with him among men of the most delicate taste a whole night, and have known him (for he saw it was desired) keep the discourse to himself the most part of it, and maintain his good humour with a countenance in a language so delightful, without offence to any person or thing upon earth, still preserving the distance his circumstances obliged him to; I say, I have seen him do all this in such a charming manner, that I am sure none of those I hint at will read this, without giving him some sorrow for their abundant mirth, and one gush of tears for so many bursts of laughter. I wish it were any honour to the pleasant creature's memory, that my eyes are too much suffused to let me go on ——

[*August* 27, 1712.]

DEATH

DEATH OF SIR ROGER DE COVERLEY.

Heu pietas! Heu prisca fides! ——
—VIRG.

WE last night received a piece of ill news at our club, which very sensibly afflicted every one of us. I question not but my readers themselves will be troubled at the hearing of it. To keep them no longer in suspense, Sir Roger de Coverley is dead. He departed this life at his house in the country, after a few weeks' sickness. Sir Andrew Freeport has a letter from one of his correspondents in those parts, that informs him the old man caught a cold at the county-sessions, as he was very warmly promoting an address of his own penning, in which he succeeded according to his wishes. But this particular comes from a Whig justice of peace, who was always Sir Roger's enemy and antagonist. I have letters both from

from the chaplain and Captain Sentry which mention nothing of it, but are filled with many particulars to the honour of the good old man. I have likewise a letter from the butler, who took so much care of me last summer when I was at the knight's house. As my friend the butler mentions, in the simplicity of his heart, several circumstances the others have passed over in silence, I shall give my reader a copy of his letter, without any alteration or diminution.

HONOURED SIR,

KNOWING that you was my old master's good friend, I could not forbear sending you the melancholy news of his death, which has affected the whole country, as well as his poor servants, who loved him, I may say, better than we did our lives. I am afraid he caught his death the last county-sessions, where he would go to see justice done to a poor widow woman and her fatherless children, that had been wronged by a neighbouring gentleman; for you know, Sir, my good master was always the poor man's friend. Upon his coming home, the first complaint he made was, that he had lost his roast-beef stomach, not being able to touch a sirloin, which was served up according to custom; and

and you know he used to take great delight in it. From that time forward he grew worse and worse, but still kept a good heart to the last. Indeed, we were once in great hope of his recovery, upon a kind message that was sent him from the widow lady whom he had made love to the forty last years of his life; but this only proved a light'ning before death. He has bequeathed to this lady, as a token of his love, a great pearl necklace, and a couple of silver bracelets set with jewels, which belonged to my good old lady his mother: he has bequeathed the fine white gelding, that he used to ride a-hunting upon, to his chaplain, because he thought he would be kind to him, and has left you all his books. He has, moreover, bequeathed to the chaplain a very pretty tenement with good lands about it. It being a very cold day when he made his will, he left for mourning, to every man in the parish, a great frieze coat, and to every woman a black riding-hood. It was a most moving sight to see him take leave of his poor servants, commending us all for our fidelity, whilst we were not able to speak a word for weeping. As we most of us are grown grey-headed in our dear master's service, he has left us pensions and legacies, which we may live very comfortably upon, the remaining

part

part of our days. He has bequeathed a great deal more in charity, which is not yet come to my knowledge, and it is peremptorily said in the parish, that he has left money to build a steeple to the church; for he was heard to say some time ago, that if he lived two years longer, Coverley church should have a steeple to it. The chaplain tells everybody that he made a very good end, and never speaks of him without tears. He was buried, according to his own directions, among the family of the Coverleys, on the left-hand of his father Sir Arthur. The coffin was carried by six of his tenants, and the pall held up by six of the quorum: the whole parish followed the corpse with heavy hearts, and in their mourning suits, the men in frieze, and the women in riding-hoods. Captain Sentry, my master's nephew, has taken possession of the Hall-House, and the whole estate. When my old master saw him a little before his death, he shook him by the hand, and wished him joy of the estate which was falling to him, desiring him only to make a good use of it, and pay the several legacies and the gifts of charity which he told him he had left as quit-rents upon the estate. The captain truly seems a courteous man, though he says but little. He makes much of those whom my master

master loved, and shows great kindness to the old house-dog, that you know my poor master was so fond of. It would have gone to your heart to have heard the moans the dumb creature made on the day of my master's death. He has never joyed himself since; no more has any of us. It was the melancholiest day for the poor people that ever happened in Worcestershire. This being all from,

Honoured Sir,

Your most sorrowful servant,

EDWARD BISCUIT.

P. S. My master desired, some weeks before he died, that a book, which comes up to you by the carrier, should be given to Sir Andrew Freeport, in his name.

This letter, notwithstanding the poor butler's manner of writing it, gave us such an idea of our good old friend that upon the reading of it there was not a dry eye in the club. Sir Andrew, opening the book, found it to be a collection of acts of parliament. There was in particular the Act of Uniformity, with some passages in it marked by Sir Roger's own hand. Sir Andrew found that they related to two or three points, which he had disputed with Sir Roger the last time he appeared at the club. Sir Andrew, who would

would have been merry at such an incident on another occasion, at the sight of the old man's handwriting burst into tears, and put the book into his pocket. Captain Sentry informs me that the knight has left rings and mourning for every one in the club.

[*October* 23, 1712.]

THE TORY FOXHUNTER.

Studiis rudis, sermone barbarus, impetu strenuus, manu promptus, cogitatione celer.—VELL. PATERC.

FOR the honour of his Majesty, and the safety of his government, we cannot but observe, that those, who have appeared the greatest enemies to both, are of that rank of men, who are commonly distinguished by the title of *Fox-hunters*. As several of these have had no part of their education in cities, camps, or courts, it is doubtful whether they are of greater ornament or use to the nation in which they live. It would be an everlasting reproach to politics, should such men be able to overturn an establishment which has been formed by the wisest laws, and is supported by the ablest heads. The wrong notions and prejudices which cleave to many of these country-gentlemen, who have always lived out of the way of being

being better informed, are not easy to be conceived by a person who has never conversed with them.

That I may give my readers an image of these rural statesmen, I shall, without further preface, set down an account of a discourse I chanced to have with one of them some time ago. I was travelling towards one of the remotest parts of England, when about three o'clock in the afternoon, seeing a country-gentleman trotting before me with a spaniel by his horse's side, I made up to him. Our conversation opened, as usual, upon the weather; in which we were very unanimous; having both agreed that it was too dry for the season of the year. My fellow-traveller, upon this, observed to me, that there had been no good weather since the Revolution. I was a little startled at so extraordinary a remark, but would not interrupt him until he proceeded to tell me of the fine weather they used to have in King Charles the Second's reign. I only answered that I did not see how the badness of the weather could be the king's fault; and, without waiting for his reply, asked him whose house it was we saw upon a rising ground at a little distance from us. He told me it belonged to an old fanatical cur, Mr. Such-a-one. 'You must have heard of him,' says he, 'he's one of the Rump.' I knew the gentleman's

man's character upon hearing his name, but assured him that to my knowledge he was a good churchman. 'Ay!' says he with a kind of surprise, 'We were 'told in the country, that he spoke twice in the queen's 'time against taking off the duties upon French claret.' This naturally led us into the proceedings of late parliaments, upon which occasion he affirmed roundly, that there had not been one good law passed since King William's accession to the throne, except the act for preserving the game. I had a mind to see him out, and therefore did not care for contradicting him. 'Is it not hard,' says he, 'that honest gentle-'men should be taken into custody of messengers to 'prevent them from acting according to their con-'sciences? But,' says he, 'what can we expect 'when a parcel of factious sons of ——' He was going on in great passion, but chanced to miss his dog, who was amusing himself about a bush that grew at some distance behind us. We stood still till he had whistled him up; when he fell into a long panegyric upon his spaniel, who seemed indeed excellent in his kind: but I found the most remarkable adventure of his life was, that he had once like to have worried a dissenting-teacher. The master could hardly sit on his horse for laughing all the while he

was

was giving me the particulars of this story, which I found had mightily endeared his dog to him, and, as he himself told me, had made him a great favourite among all the honest gentlemen of the country. We were at length diverted from this piece of mirth by a post-boy, who winding his horn at us, my companion gave him two or three curses, and left the way clear for him. 'I fancy,' said I, 'that post brings news 'from Scotland. I shall long to see the next Gazette.' 'Sir,' says he, 'I make it a rule never to believe any 'of your printed news. We never see, sir, how 'things go, except now and then in "Dyer's Letter," 'and I read that more for the style than the news. 'The man has a clever pen, it must be owned. But is 'it not strange that we should be making war upon 'Church-of-England men, with Dutch and Swiss 'soldiers, men of antimonarchical principles? These 'foreigners will never be loved in England, sir; they 'have not that wit and good-breeding that we have.' I must confess I did not expect to hear my new acquaintance value himself upon these qualifications; but finding him such a critic upon foreigners, I asked him if he had ever travelled? He told me, he did not know what travelling was good for, but to teach a man to ride the great horse, to jabber French, and to talk

talk against passive-obedience: To which he added, that he scarce ever knew a traveller in his life who had not forsook his principles, and lost his hunting-seat. 'For my part,' says he, 'I and my father 'before me have always been for passive-obedience, 'and shall be always for opposing a prince who makes 'use of ministers that are of another opinion. But 'where do you intend to inn to-night? (for we were 'now come in sight of the next town;) I can help you 'to a very good landlord if you will go along with me. 'He is a lusty, jolly fellow, that lives well, at least 'three yards in the girth, and the best Church-of-'England man upon the road.' I had the curiosity to see this high-church inn-keeper, as well as to enjoy more of the conversation of my fellow-traveller, and therefore readily consented to set our horses together for that night. As we rode side by side through the town, I was let into the characters of all the principal inhabitants whom we met in our way. One was a dog, another a whelp, and another a cur, under which several denominations were comprehended all that voted on the Whig side in the last election of burgesses. As for those of his own party, he distinguished them by a nod of his head, and asking them how they did by their Christian names.

names. Upon our arrival at the inn, my companion fetched out the jolly landlord, who knew him by his whistle. Many endearments and private whispers passed between them; though it was easy to see by the landlord's scratching his head that things did not go to their wishes. The landlord had swelled his body to a prodigious size, and worked up his complexion to a standing crimson by his zeal for the prosperity of the Church, which he expressed every hour of the day, as his customers dropt in, by repeated bumpers. He had not time to go to church himself, but, as my friend told me in my ear, had headed a mob at the pulling down of two or three meeting-houses. While supper was preparing, he enlarged upon the happiness of the neighbouring shire; 'For,' says he, 'there is scarce a Presbyterian in the whole 'county, except the bishop.' In short, I found by his discourse that he had learned a great deal of politics, but not one word of religion, from the parson of his parish; and indeed, that he had scarce any other notion of religion, but that it consisted in hating Presbyterians. I had a remarkable instance of his notions in this particular. Upon seeing a poor decrepit old woman pass under the window where he sat, he desired me to take notice of her; and afterwards

wards informed me, that she was generally reputed a witch by the country people, but that, for his part, he was apt to believe she was a Presbyterian.

Supper was no sooner served in, than he took occasion, from a shoulder of mutton that lay before us, to cry up the plenty of England, which would be the happiest country in the world, provided we would live within ourselves. Upon which, he expatiated on the inconveniences of trade, that carried from us the commodities of our country, and made a parcel of upstarts as rich as men of the most ancient families of England. He then declared frankly, that he had always been against all treaties and alliances with foreigners: 'Our wooden walls,' says he, 'are our 'security, and we may bid defiance to the whole 'world, especially if they should attack us when the 'militia is out.' I ventured to reply, that I had as great an opinion of the English fleet as he had; but I could not see how they could be paid, and manned, and fitted out, unless we encouraged trade and navigation. He replied with some vehemence, That he would undertake to prove trade would be the ruin of the English nation. I would fain have put him upon it; but he contented himself with affirming it more eagerly, to which he added two or three curses upon

upon the London merchants, not forgetting the directors of the Bank. After supper he asked me if I was an admirer of punch; and immediately called for a sneaker. I took this occasion to insinuate the advantages of trade, by observing to him, that water was the only native of England that could be made use of on this occasion: but that the lemons, the brandy, the sugar, and the nutmeg, were all foreigners. This put him into some confusion: but the landlord who overheard me, brought him off, by affirming, That for constant use there was no liquor like a cup of English water, provided it had malt enough in it. My squire laughed heartily at the conceit, and made the landlord sit down with us. We sat pretty late over our punch; and amidst a great deal of improving discourse, drank the healths of several persons in the country, whom I had never heard of, that, they both assured me, were the ablest statesmen in the nation; and of some Londoners, whom they extolled to the skies for their wit, and who, I knew, passed in town for silly fellows. It being now midnight, and my friend perceiving by his almanack that the moon was up, he called for his horse, and took a sudden resolution to go to his house, which was at three miles' distance from the town, after having bethought himself

self that he never slept well out of his own bed. He shook me very heartily by the hand at parting, and discovered a great air of satisfaction in his looks, that he had met with an opportunity of showing his parts, and left me a much wiser man than he found me.

[*March* 5, 1716.]

A MODERN CONVERSATION.

[*Vultis severi me quoque sumere*
Partem Falerni? —HOR.]

AN old friend and fellow-student of mine at the university called upon me the other morning, and found me reading Plato's Symposion. I laid down my book to receive him; which, after the first usual compliments, he took up, saying—'You will 'give me leave to see what was the object of your 'studies.' 'Nothing less than the divine Plato,' said I, 'that amiable philosopher'—'With whom,' interrupted my friend, 'Cicero declares, that he would 'rather be in the wrong, than in the right with any 'other.'—'I cannot,' replied I, 'carry my veneration 'for him to that degree of enthusiasm; but yet, 'wherever I understand him (for I confess I do not 'everywhere),

'everywhere), I prefer him to all the ancient philoso-'phers. His Symposion more particularly engages 'and entertains me, as I see there the manners and 'characters of the most eminent men, of the politest 'times of the politest city of Greece. And, with all 'due respect to the moderns, I much question whether 'an account of a modern Symposion, though written 'by the ablest hand, could be read with so much 'pleasure and improvement.'—'I do not know that,' replied my friend; 'for though I revere the ancients 'as much as you possibly can, and look upon the 'moderns as pigmies when compared to those giants, 'yet if we come up to, or near them in anything, it 'is in the elegancy and delicacy of our convivial 'intercourse.'

I was the more surprised at this doubt of my friend's, because I knew that he implicitly subscribed to, and superstitiously maintained, all the articles of the classical faith. I therefore asked him whether he was serious? He answered me that he was: that in his mind, Plato spun out that silly affair of love too fine and too long; and that if I would but let him introduce me to the club, of which he was an unworthy member, he believed I should at least entertain the same doubt, or perhaps even decide in favour of

of the moderns. I thanked my friend for his kindness, but added, that in whatever society he was an unworthy member, I should be a still more unworthy guest. That moreover my retired and domestic turn of life was as inconsistent with the engagements of a club, as my natural taciturnity amongst strangers would be misplaced in the midst of all that festal mirth and gaiety. 'You mistake me,' answered my friend, 'every member of our club has the privilege of 'bringing one friend along with him, who is by no 'means thereby to become a member of it; and as 'for your taciturnity, we have some silent members, 'who, by the way, are none of our worst. Silent 'people never spoil company; but, on the contrary, 'by being good hearers, encourage good speakers.' —'But I have another difficulty,' answered I, 'and 'that I doubt a very solid one; which is, that I 'drink nothing but water.'—'So much the worse for 'you,' replied my friend, who, by the by, loves his bottle most academically; 'you will pay for the claret 'you do not drink. We use no compulsion; every 'one drinks as little as he pleases.'—'Which I pre-'sume,' interrupted I, 'is as much as he can.'— 'That is just as it happens,' said he; 'sometimes, it 'is true, we make pretty good sittings; but for my 'own

'own part, I choose to go home always before 'eleven: for, take my word for it, it is the sitting 'up late, and not the drink, that destroys the consti- 'tution.' As I found that my friend would have taken a refusal ill, I told him, that for this once I would certainly attend him to the club; but desired him to give me previously the outlines of the characters of the sitting members, that I might know how to behave myself properly. 'Your precaution,' said he, 'is a prudent one, and I will make you so well 'acquainted with them beforehand that you shall not 'seem a stranger when among them. You must 'know, then, that our club consists of at least forty 'members when complete. Of these, many are now 'in the country; and besides, we have some vacancies 'which cannot be filled up till next winter. Palsies 'and apoplexies have of late, I don't know why, been 'pretty rife among us, and carried off a good many. 'It is not above a week ago that poor Tom Toastwell 'fell on a sudden under the table, as we thought 'only a little in drink, but he was carried home, and 'never spoke more. Those whom you will probably 'meet with to-day are, first of all, Lord Feeble, a 'nobleman of admirable sense, a true fine gentleman, 'and for a man of quality, a pretty classic. He has

'lived

'lived rather fast formerly, and impaired his constitu-
'tion by sitting up late, and drinking your thin sharp
'wines. He is still what you call nervous, which
'makes him a little low-spirited and reserved at first;
'but he grows very affable and cheerful as soon as he
'has warmed his stomach with about a bottle of good
'claret.

'Sir Tunbelly Guzzle is a very worthy north-
'country baronet, of a good estate, and one who was
'beforehand in the world, till being twice chosen
'knight of the shire, and having in consequence got
'a pretty employment at court, he ran out consider-
'ably. He has left off housekeeping, and is now
'upon a retrieving scheme. He is the heartiest,
'honestest fellow living, and though he is a man of
'very few words, I can assure you he does not want
'sense. He had an university education, and has a
'good notion of the classics. The poor man is con-
'fined half the year at least with the gout, and has
'besides an inveterate scurvy, which I cannot account
'for: no man can live more regularly; he eats no-
'thing but plain meat, and very little of that; he
'drinks no thin wines; and never sits up late, for he
'has his full dose by eleven.

'Colonel Culverin is a brave old experienced officer,
'though

'though but a lieutenant-colonel of foot. Between 'you and me, he has had great injustice done him; 'and is now commanded by many who were not born 'when he came first into the army. He has served 'in Ireland, Minorca, and Gibraltar; and would have 'been in all the late battles in Flanders, had the regi-'ment been ordered there. It is a pleasure to hear 'him talk of war. He is the best-natured man alive, 'but a little too jealous of his honour, and too apt to 'be in a passion; but that is soon over, and then he 'is sorry for it. I fear he is dropsical, which I im-'pute to his drinking your Champagnes and Burgun-'dies. He got that ill habit abroad.

'Sir George Plyant is well born, has a genteel for-'tune, keeps the very best company, and is to be sure 'one of the best-bred men alive: he is so good-natured, 'that he seems to have no will of his own. He will 'drink as little or as much as you please, and no 'matter of what. He has been a mighty man with 'the ladies formerly, and loves the crack of the whip 'still. He is our news-monger; for, being a member 'of the privy chamber, he goes to court every day, 'and consequently knows pretty well what is going 'forward there. Poor gentleman! I fear we shall 'not keep him long, for he seems far gone in a con-

'sumption,

'sumption, though the doctors say it is only a nervous 'atrophy.

'Will Sitfast is the best-natured fellow living, and 'an excellent companion, though he seldom speaks; 'but he is no flincher, and sits every man's hand out 'at the club. He is a very good scholar, and can 'write very pretty Latin verses. I doubt he is in a 'declining way; for a paralytical stroke has lately 'twitched up one side of his mouth so, that he is now 'obliged to take his wine diagonally. However, he 'keeps up his spirits bravely, and never shams his 'glass.

'Doctor Carbuncle is an honest, jolly, merry par-'son, well affected to the government, and much of a 'gentleman. He is the life of our club, instead of 'being the least restraint upon it. He is an admirable 'scholar, and I really believe has all Horace by heart; 'I know he has him always in his pocket. His red 'face, inflamed nose, and swelled legs, make him 'generally thought a hard drinker by those who do 'not know him; but I must do him the justice to 'say, that I never saw him disguised with liquor in 'my life. It is true, he is a very large man, and 'can hold a great deal, which makes the colonel call 'him, pleasant'y enough, a vessel of election.

'The

'The last and least,' concluded my friend, 'is your 'humble servant, such as I am; and if you please, 'we will go and walk in the park till dinner time.' I agreed, and we set out together. But here the reader will perhaps expect that I should let him walk on a little, while I give his character. We were of the same year of St. John's College in Cambridge: he was a younger brother of a good family, was bred to the church, and had just got a fellowship in the college, when, his elder brother dying, he succeeded to an easy fortune, and resolved to make himself easy with it, that is, to do nothing. As he had resided long in college, he had contracted all the habits, prejudices, the laziness, the soaking, the pride, and the pedantry of the cloister, which after a certain time are never to be rubbed off. He considered the critical knowledge of the Greek and Latin words, as the utmost effort of the human understanding, and a glass of good wine in good company, as the highest pitch of human felicity. Accordingly, he passes his mornings in reading the classics, most of which he has long had by heart; and his evenings in drinking his glass of good wine, which by frequent filling, amounts at least to two, and often to three bottles a-day. I must not omit mentioning that my friend is tormented

mented with the stone, which misfortune he imputes to having once drank water for a month, by the prescription of the late Doctor Cheyne, and by no means to at least two quarts of claret a-day, for these last thirty years. To return to my friend—'I am very 'much mistaken,' said he, as we were walking in the park, 'if you do not thank me for procuring this day's 'entertainment: for a set of worthier gentlemen to be 'sure never lived.'—'I make no doubt of it,' said I, 'and am therefore the more concerned when I reflect, 'that this club of worthy gentlemen might, by your 'own account, be not improperly called an hospital 'of incurables, as there is not one among them who 'does not labour under some chronical and mortal 'distemper.'—'I see what you would be at,' answered my friend; 'you would insinuate that it is all owing 'to wine; but let me assure you, Mr. Fitz-Adam, '*that wine, especially claret, if neat and good, can hurt* '*no man.*' I did not reply to this aphorism of my friend's, which I knew would draw on too long a discussion, especially as we were just going into the club-room, where I took it for granted, that it was one of the great constitutional principles. The account of this modern Symposion shall be the subject of my next paper.

[*September* 19, 1754.]

A

A MODERN CONVERSATION

—Continued.

[*Implentur veteris Bacchi.*
—Virg.]

MY friend presented me to the company, in what he thought the most obliging manner; but which I confess put me a little out of countenance. 'Give me leave, gentlemen,' said he, 'to 'present to you my old friend, Mr. Fitz-Adam, the 'ingenious author of the World.' The word Author instantly excited the attention of the whole company, and drew all their eyes upon me: for people who are not apt to write themselves have a strange curiosity to see a Live Author. The gentlemen received me in common with those gestures that intimate welcome; and I on my part respectfully muttered some of those nothings,

nothings, which stand instead of the something one should say, and perhaps do full as well.

The weather being hot, the gentlemen were refreshing themselves before dinner with what they called a cool tankard; in which they successively drank to Me. When it came to my turn, I thought I could not decently decline drinking the gentlemen's healths, which I did aggregately: but how was I surprised, when, upon the first taste, I discovered that this cooling and refreshing draught was composed of the strongest Mountain wine, lowered indeed with a very little lemon and water, but then heightened again by a quantity of those comfortable aromatics, nutmeg and ginger! Dinner, which had been called for more than once with some impatience, was at last brought up, upon the colonel's threatening perdition to the master and all the waiters of the house, if it was delayed two minutes longer. We sat down without ceremony; and we were no sooner sat down, than everybody (except myself) drank everybody's health, which made a tumultuous kind of noise. I observed, with surprise, that the common quantity of wine was put into glasses of an immense size and weight; but my surprise ceased, when I saw the tremulous hands that took them, and for which I supposed they were intended

intended as ballast. But even this precaution did not protect the nose of Dr. Carbuncle from a severe shock, in his attempt to hit his mouth. The colonel, who observed this accident, cried out pleasantly—'Why, 'Doctor, I find you are but a bad engineer. While 'you aim at your mouth, you will never hit it, take 'my word for it. A floating battery, to hit the mark, 'must be pointed something above, or below it. If 'you would hit your mouth, direct your four-pounder 'at your forehead, or your chin.' The doctor good-humouredly thanked the colonel for the hint, and promised him to communicate it to his friends at Oxford, where he owned that he had seen many a good glass of port spilt for want of it. Sir Tunbelly almost smiled, Sir George laughed, and the whole company, somehow or other, applauded this elegant piece of raillery. But, alas! things soon took a less pleasant turn; for an enormous buttock of boiled salt beef, which had succeeded the soup, proved not to be sufficiently corned for Sir Tunbelly, who had bespoke it; and, at the same time, Lord Feeble took a dislike to the claret, which he affirmed not to be the same, which they had drank the day before; it had no *silkiness, went rough off the tongue*, and his lordship shrewdly suspected that it was mixed with *Beuccarlo, or some*

of

of those black wines. This was a common cause, and excited universal attention. The whole company tasted it seriously, and every one found a different fault with it. The master of the house was immediately sent for up, examined, and treated as a criminal. Sir Tunbelly reproached him with the freshness of the beef, while, at the same time, all the others fell upon him for the badness of his wine, telling him, that it was not fit usage for such good customers as they were; and, in fine, threatening him with a migration of the club to some other house. The criminal laid the blame of the beef's not being corned enough upon his cook, whom he promised to turn away; and attested heaven and earth that the wine was the very same which they had all approved of the day before; and, as he had a soul to be saved, was true Château Margaux—'Château devil,' said the Colonel with warmth, 'it is your rough *Chaos* wine.' Will Sitfast, who thought himself obliged to articulate upon this occasion, said, He was not sure it was a mixed wine, but that indeed it drank *down*.—'If that is all,' interrupted the doctor, 'let us e'en drink it *up* then. 'Or, if that won't do, since we cannot have the true '*Falernum*, let us take up for once with the *vile* '*Sabinum*.—What say you, gentlemen, to good 'honest

'honest Port, which I am convinced is a much whole-'somer stomach wine?' My friend, who in his heart loves Port better than any other wine in the world, willingly seconded the doctor's motion, and spoke very favourably of your *Portingal* wines in general, if neat. Upon this some was immediately brought up, which I observed my friend and the doctor stuck to the whole evening. I could not help asking the doctor if he really preferred Port to lighter wines? To which he answered—'You know, Mr. 'Fitz-Adam, that use is second nature; and Port is, 'in a manner, mother's milk to me; for it is what 'my Alma Mater suckles all her numerous progeny 'with.' I silently assented to the doctor's account, which I was convinced was a true one, and then attended to the judicious animadversions of the other gentlemen upon the claret, which were still continued, though at the same time they continued to drink it. I hinted my surprise at this to Sir Tunbelly, who gravely answered me, and in a moving way —'*Why, what can we do?*'—'Not drink it,' replied I, 'since it is not good.'—'But what will you have us 'do? and how shall we pass the evening?' rejoined the baronet. 'One cannot go home at five o'clock.' —'That depends upon a great deal of use,' said I.

'It

'It may be so, to a certain degree,' said the doctor. 'But give me leave to ask you, Mr. Fitz-Adam, you, 'who drink nothing but water, and live much at 'home, how do you keep up your spirits?'—'Why, 'Doctor,' said I, 'as I never lowered my spirits by 'strong liquor, I do not want to raise them.' Here we were interrupted by the colonel's raising his voice and indignation against the Burgundy and Champagne; swearing that the former was ropy, and the latter upon the fret, and not without some suspicion of cider and sugar-candy; notwithstanding which, he drank, in a bumper of it, confusion to the town of Bristol and the Bottle-act. It was a shame, he said, that gentlemen could have no good Burgundies and Champagnes, for the sake of some increase of the revenue, the manufacture of glass bottles, and such sort of stuff. Sir George confirmed the same, adding, that it was *scandalous;* and the whole company agreed, that the new parliament would certainly repeal so absurd an act the very first session; but if they did not, they hoped they would receive instructions to that purpose from their constituents.—'To be sure,' said the colonel, 'what a rout they made about the repeal 'of the Jew-bill, for which nobody cared one farthing! 'But, by the way,' continued he, 'I think everybody

'has

'has done eating, and therefore had not we better 'have the dinner taken away, and the wine set upon 'the table?' To this the company gave an unanimous 'Aye!' While this was doing, I asked my friend, with seeming seriousness, whether no part of the dinner was to be served up again, when the wine should be set upon the table? He seemed surprised at my question, and asked me if I was hungry? To which I answered, 'No;' but asked him, in my turn, if he was dry? To which he also answered 'No.'— 'Then, pray,' replied I, 'why not as well eat without 'being hungry, as drink without being dry?' My friend was so stunned with this, that he attempted no reply, but stared at me with as much astonishment as he would have done at my great ancestor Adam in his primitive state of nature.

The cloth was now taken away, and the bottles, glasses, and dish-clouts, put upon the table; when Will Sitfast, who I found was a perpetual toast-maker, took the chair, of course, as the man of application to business. He began the king's health in a bumper, which circulated in the same manner, not without some nice examinations of the chairman as to *day-light*. The bottle standing by me, I was called upon by the chairman; who added, that though a water-drinker,

he

he hoped I would not refuse that health in wine: I begged to be excused, and told him, that I never drank his majesty's health at all, though no one of his subjects wished it more heartily than I did. That hitherto it had not appeared to me, that there could be the least relation between the wine I drank and the king's state of health; and that, till I was convinced that impairing my own health would improve his majesty's, I was resolved to preserve the use of my faculties and my limbs, to employ both in his service, if he could ever have occasion for them. I had foreseen the consequences of this refusal; and though my friend had answered for my principles, I easily discovered an air of suspicion in the countenances of the company; and I overheard the colonel whisper to Lord Feeble—'*This author is a very old dog.*'

My friend was ashamed of me; but, however, to help me off as well as he could, he said to me aloud—'Mr. Fitz-Adam, this is one of those singularities 'which you have contracted by living so much alone.' From this moment the company gave me up to my oddnesses, and took no further notice of me. I leaned silently upon the table, waiting for (though, to say the truth, without expecting) some of that festal gaiety, that urbanity, and that elegant mirth, of which

which my friend had promised so large a share. Instead of all which, the conversation ran chiefly into narrative, and grew duller and duller with every bottle. Lord Feeble recounted his former achievements in love and wine; the colonel complained, though with dignity, of hardships and injustice; Sir George hinted at some important discoveries which he had made that day at court, but cautiously avoided naming names; Sir Tunbelly slept between glass and glass; the doctor and my friend talked over college matters, and quoted Latin; and our worthy president applied himself wholly to business, never speaking but to order; as—'Sir, the bottle stands 'with you—Sir, you are to name a toast—That has 'been drank already—Here, more claret!' &c. In the height of all this convivial pleasantry, which I plainly saw was come to its zenith, I stole away at about nine o'clock, and went home; where reflections upon the entertainment of the day crowded into my mind, and may perhaps be the subject of some future paper.

[*September 26, 1754.*]

THE

THE SQUIRE IN ORDERS.

Gaudet equis canibusque, et aprici gramine campi.
—HOR.

MY Cousin Village, from whom I had not heard for some time, has lately sent me an account of a *Country Parson*, which I daresay will prove entertaining to my town readers, who can have no other idea of our clergy than what they have collected from the spruce and genteel figures which they have been used to contemplate here in doctors' scarfs, pudding-sleeves, starched bands, and feather-top grizzles. It will be found from my cousins' description, that these reverend ensigns of orthodoxy are not so necessary to be displayed among the rustics; and that, when they are out of the pulpit or surplice, the good pastors may, without censure, put on the manners as well as dress of a groom or whipper-in.

DONCASTER,

DONCASTER, *Jan.* 14, 1756.

DEAR COUSIN,

I AM just arrived here, after having paid a visit to our old acquaintance Jack Quickset, who is now become the Reverend Mr. Quickset, rector of ——— parish in the North-Riding of this county, a living worth upwards of three hundred pounds *per ann.* As the ceremonies of ordination have occasioned no alteration in Jack's morals or behaviour, the figure he makes in the church is somewhat remarkable: but as there are many other incumbents of country livings, whose clerical characters will be found to tally with his, perhaps a slight sketch, or, as I may say, *rough draught* of him, with some account of my visit, will not be unentertaining to your readers.

Jack, hearing that I was in this part of the world, sent me a very hearty letter, informing me that he had been *double japanned* (as he called it) about a year ago, and was the present incumbent of ———; where, if I would favour him with my company, he would give me a cup of the best Yorkshire Stingo, and would engage to shew me a noble day's sport, as he was in a fine open country with plenty of foxes. I rejoiced to hear he was so comfortably settled, and set out immediately for his living. When I arrived within the gate,

gate, my ears were alarmed with such a loud chorus of 'No mortals on earth are so jovial as we,' that I began to think I had made a mistake; but its close neighbourhood to the church soon convinced me that this could be no other than the Parsonage-house. On my entrance, my friend (whom I found in the midst of a room-full of fox-hunters in boots and bob-wigs) got up to welcome me to ———, and embracing me, gave me the full flavour of his Stingo by breathing in my face, as he did me the honour of saluting me. He then introduced me to his friends; and placing me at the right hand of his own elbow chair, assured them that I was a very *honest Cock*, and loved a chase of five-and-twenty miles on end as well as any of them: to preserve the credit of which character, I was obliged to comply with an injunction to toss off a pint bumper of Port, with the foot of the fox dipped and squeezed into it to give a zest to the liquor.

The whole economy of Jack's life is very different from that of his brethren. Instead of having a wife and a house-full of children (the most common family of a country clergyman), he is single; unless we credit some idle whispers in the parish that he is married to his housekeeper. The calm amusements of piquet, chess, and backgammon, have no charms for Jack, who

who 'sees his dearest action in the field,' and boasts that he has a brace of as good hunters in his stable as ever leg was laid over. Hunting and shooting are the only business of his life; fox-hounds and pointers lay about in every parlour; and he is himself, like Pistol, always in boots. The estimation in which he holds his friends is rated according to their excellence as sportsmen; and to be able to make a good shot, or hunt a pack of hounds well, are most recommending qualities. His parishioners often earn a shilling and a cup of ale at his house, by coming to acquaint him that they have found a hare sitting, or a fox in cover. One day, when I was alone with my friend, the servant came in to tell him that the clerk wanted to speak with him. He was ordered in; but I could not help smiling, when (instead of giving notice of a burying, christening, or some other church business, as I expected) I found the honest clerk came only to acquaint his reverend superior that there was a covey of partridges, of a dozen brace at least, not above three fields from the house.

Jack's elder brother, Sir Thomas Quickset, who gave him the benefice, is lord of the manor; so that Jack has full power to beat up the game unmolested. He goes out three times a-week with his brother's hounds,

hounds, whether Sir Thomas hunts or not; and has besides a deputation from him as lord of the manor, consigning the game to his care, and empowering him to take away all guns, nets, and dogs, from persons not duly qualified. Jack is more proud of his office, than many other country clergymen are of being in the commission of the peace. Poaching is, in his eye, the most heinous crime in the two tables; nor does the care of souls appear to him half so important a duty as the preservation of the game.

Sunday, you may suppose, is as dull and tedious to this ordained sportsman as to any fine lady in town: not that he makes the duties of his function any fatigue to him, but as this day is necessarily a day of rest from the usual toils of shooting and the chase. It happened that the first Sunday after I was with him, he had engaged to take care of a church, which was about twenty miles off, in the absence of a neighbouring clergyman. He asked me to accompany him; and the more to encourage me, he assured me that we should ride over as fine a champaign open country as any in the North. Accordingly I was roused by him in the morning before day-break, by a loud hallooing of 'Hark to Merriman!' and the repeated smacks of his half-hunter; and after we had fortified

fortified our stomachs with several slices of hung beef, and a horn or two of Stingo, we sallied forth. Jack was mounted upon a hunter which he assured me was never yet *thrown out:* and as we rode along, he could not help lamenting that so fine a *soft* morning should be thrown away upon a Sunday; at the same time remarking that the dogs might run breast high.

Though we made the best of our way over hedge and ditch, and *took* everything, we were often delayed by trying if we could prick a hare, or by leaving the road to examine a piece of cover; and he frequently made me stop while he pointed out the particular course that Reynard took, or the spot where he had *earth'd*. At length we arrived on full gallop at the church, where we found the congregation waiting for us; but as Jack had nothing to do but to alight, pull his band out of the sermon-case, give his brown scratch bob a shake, and clap on the surplice, he was presently equipped for the service. In short, he behaved himself, both in the desk and pulpit, to the entire satisfaction of all the parish, as well as the squire of it, who, after thanking Jack for his excellent discourse, very cordially took us home to dinner with him.

I shall not trouble you with an account of our entertainment

entertainment at the squire's; who, being himself as keen a sportsman as ever followed a pack of dogs, was hugely delighted with Jack's conversation. 'Church 'and King,' and *another* particular toast (in compliment, I suppose, to my friend's clerical character) were the first drank after dinner; but these were directly followed by a pint bumper to 'Horses sound, 'Dogs healthy, Earths stopt, and Foxes plenty.' When we had run over again, with great joy and vociferation, as many chases as the time would permit, the bell called us to evening prayers; after which, though the squire would fain have had us stay and take a hunt with him, we mounted our horses at the church door, and rode home in the dark; because Jack had engaged to meet several of his brother sportsmen, who were to lie all night at his own house, to be in readiness to make up for the loss of Sunday, by going out a-cock-shooting very early the next morning.

I must leave it to you, Cousin, to make what reflections you please on this character: only observing, that the country can furnish many instances of these ordained sportsmen, whose thoughts are more taken up with the stable or the dog-kennel, than the church; and indeed, it will be found that

our

our friend Jack and all of his stamp are regarded by their parishioners, not as Parsons of the Parish, but rather as Squires in Orders.

I am, dear Cousin, yours, &c.

[*January* 29, 1756.]

COUNTRY

COUNTRY CONGREGATIONS.

Delicta majorum immeritus lues,
Romane, donec templa refeceris
Ædesque labentes deorum, et
Fœda nigro simulacra fumo.
—HOR.

DEAR COUSIN,

THE country at present, no less than the metropolis, abounding with politicians of every kind, I begun to despair of picking up any intelligence that might possibly be entertaining to your readers. However, I have lately visited some of the most distant parts of the kingdom with a clergyman of my acquaintance: I shall not trouble you with an account of the improvements that have been made in the seats we saw according to the modern taste, but proceed to give you some reflections, which occurred to us on observing

ing several country churches, and the behaviour of the congregations.

The ruinous condition of some of these edifices gave me great offence; and I could not help wishing, that the honest vicar, instead of indulging his genius for improvements, by inclosing his gooseberry bushes within a Chinese rail, and converting half-an-acre of his glebe-land into a bowling-green, would have applied part of his income to the more laudable purpose of sheltering his parishioners from the weather, during their attendance on divine service. It is no uncommon thing to see the parsonage-house well-thatched, and in exceeding good repair, while the church perhaps has scarce any other roof than the ivy that grows over it. The noise of owls, bats, and magpies, makes the principal part of the church-music in many of these ancient edifices; and the walls, like a large map, seem to be portioned out into capes, seas, and promontories, by the various colours by which the damps have stained them. Sometimes, the foundation being too weak to support the steeple any longer, it has been expedient to pull down that part of the building, and to hang the bells under a wooden shed on the ground beside it. This is the case in a parish in Norfolk, through which I lately passed, and where the clerk and

and the sexton, like the two figures at St. Dunstan's, serve the bells in capacity of clappers, by striking them alternately with a hammer.

In other churches I have observed, that nothing unseemly or ruinous is to be found, except in the clergyman, and the appendages of his person. The squire of the parish, or his ancestors, perhaps, to testify their devotion, and leave a lasting monument of their magnificence, have adorned the altar-piece with the richest crimson velvet, embroidered with vine-leaves and ears of wheat; and have dressed up the pulpit with the same splendour and expense; while the gentleman, who fills it, is exalted in the midst of all this finery, with a surplice as dirty as a farmer's frock, and a periwig that seems to have transferred its faculty of curling to the band which appears in full buckle beneath it.

But if I was concerned to see several distressed pastors, as well as many of our country churches in a tottering condition, I was more offended with the indecency of worship in others. I could wish that the clergy would inform their congregations, that there is no occasion to scream themselves hoarse in making the responses; that the town-crier is not the only person qualified to pray with due devotion; and that

that he who bawls the loudest may, nevertheless, be the wickedest fellow in the parish. The old women too in the aisle might be told, that their time would be better employed in attending to the sermon, than in fumbling over their tattered testaments till they have found the text; by which time the discourse is near drawing to a conclusion: while a word or two of instruction might not be thrown away upon the younger part of the congregation, to teach them that making posies in summer time, and cracking nuts in autumn, is no part of the religious ceremony.

The good old practice of psalm-singing is, indeed, wonderfully improved in many country churches since the days of Sternhold and Hopkins; and there is scarce a parish-clerk, who has so little taste as not to pick his staves out of the New Version. This has occasioned great complaints in some places, where the clerk has been forced to bawl by himself, because the rest of the congregation cannot find the psalm at the end of their prayer-books; while others are highly disgusted at the innovation, and stick as obstinately to the Old Version as to the Old Style. The tunes themselves have also been new-set to jiggish measures; and the sober drawl, which used to accompany the two first staves of the hundredth psalm, with the

gloria

gloria patri, is now split into as many quavers as an Italian air. For this purpose there is in every county an itinerant band of vocal musicians, who make it their business to go round to all the churches in their turns, and, after a prelude with the pitch-pipe, astonish the audience with hymns set to the new Winchester measure, and anthems of their own composing. As these new-fashioned psalmodists are necessarily made up of young men and maids, we may naturally suppose, that there is a perfect concord and symphony between them: and, indeed, I have known it happen that these sweet singers have more than once been brought into disgrace, by too close an unison between the thorough-bass and the treble.

It is a difficult matter to decide, which is looked upon as the greatest man in a country church, the parson or his clerk. The latter is most certainly held in higher veneration, where the former happens to be only a poor curate, who rides post every Sabbath from village to village, and mounts and dismounts at the church door. The clerk's office is not only to tag the prayers with an *Amen*, or usher in the sermon with a stave; but he is also the universal father to give away the brides, and the standing godfather to all the new-born bantlings. But in many places

places there is a still greater man belonging to the church, than either the parson or the clerk himself. The person I mean is the Squire; who, like the King, may be styled Head of the Church in his own parish. If the benefice be in his own gift, the vicar is his creature, and of consequence entirely at his devotion: or, if the care of the church be left to a curate, the Sunday fees of roast beef and plum pudding, and a liberty to shoot in the manor, will bring him as much under the Squire's command as his dogs and horses. For this reason the bell is often kept tolling, and the people waiting in the church-yard an hour longer than the usual time; nor must the service begin till the Squire has strutted up the aisle, and seated himself in the great pew in the chancel. The length of the sermon is also measured by the will of the Squire, as formerly by the hour-glass: and I know one parish where the preacher has always the complaisance to conclude his discourse, however abruptly, the minute that the Squire gives the signal, by rising up after his nap.

In a village church, the Squire's lady or the vicar's wife are perhaps the only females that are stared at for their finery: but in the larger cities and towns, where the newest fashions are brought down weekly by

by the stage-coach or waggon, all the wives and daughters of the most topping tradesmen vie with each other every Sunday in the elegance of their apparel. I could even trace their gradations in their dress, according to the opulence, the extent, and the distance of the place from London. I was at church in a populous city in the North, where the mace-bearer cleared the way for Mrs. Mayoress, who came sidling after him in an enormous fan-hoop, of a pattern which had never been seen before in those parts. At another church, in a corporation town, I saw several Negligées, with furbelowed aprons, which had long disputed the prize of superiority: but these were most wofully eclipsed by a burgess's daughter, just come from London, who appeared in a Trollope or Slammerkin, with treble ruffles to the cuffs, pinked and gimped, and the sides of the petticoat drawn up in festoons. In some lesser borough towns, the contest, I found, lay between three or four black and green bibs and aprons; at one, a grocer's wife attracted our eyes, by a new-fashioned cap, called a Joan; and, at another, they were wholly taken up by a mercer's daughter in a Nun's Hood.

I need not say anything of the behaviour of the congregations in these more polite places of religious resort;

resort; as the same genteel ceremonies are practised there, as at the most fashionable churches in town. The ladies, immediately on their entrance, breathe a pious ejaculation through their fan-sticks, and the beaux very gravely address themselves to the Haberdashers' Bills, glued upon the linings of their hats. This pious duty is no sooner performed, than the exercise of bowing and curtsying succeeds; the locking and unlocking of the pews drowns the reader's voice at the beginning of the service; and the rustling of silks, added to the whispering and tittering of so much good company, renders him totally unintelligible to the very end of it.

I am, dear Cousin, yours, &c.

[*August* 19, 1756.]

DICK MINIM THE CRITIC.

[*Inter-strepit anser olores.*
—VIRG.]

CRITICISM is a study by which men grow important and formidable at very small expense. The power of invention has been conferred by Nature upon few, and the labour of learning those sciences which may, by mere labour, be obtained, is too great to be willingly endured; but every man can exert such judgment as he has upon the works of others: and he whom Nature has made weak, and Idleness keeps ignorant, may yet support his vanity by the name of a Critic.

I hope it will give comfort to great numbers who are passing through the world in obscurity, when I inform them how easily distinction may be obtained. All the other powers of literature are coy and haughty

haughty; they must be long courted, and at last are not always gained: but Criticism is a goddess easy of access, and forward of advance, who will meet the slow, and encourage the timorous; the want of meaning she supplies with words, and the want of spirit she recompenses with malignity.

This profession has one recommendation peculiar to itself, that it gives vent to malignity without real mischief. No genius was ever blasted by the breath of critics. The poison which, if confined, would have burst the heart, fumes away in empty hisses, and malice is set at ease with very little danger to merit. The critic is the only man whose triumph is without another's pain, and whose greatness does not rise upon another's ruin.

To a study at once so easy and so reputable, so malicious and so harmless, it cannot be necessary to invite my readers by a long or laboured exhortation; it is sufficient, since all would be critics if they could, to shew by one eminent example, that all can be critics if they will.

Dick Minim, after the common course of puerile studies, in which he was no great proficient, was put apprentice to a brewer, with whom he had lived two years, when his uncle died in the city, and left him a large

large fortune in the stocks. Dick had for six months before used the company of the lower players, of whom he had learned to scorn a trade; and being now at liberty to follow his genius, he resolved to be a man of wit and humour. That he might be properly initiated in his new character, he frequented the coffee-houses near the theatres, where he listened very diligently, day after day, to those who talked of language and sentiments, and unities and catastrophes, till, by slow degrees, he began to think that he understood something of the stage, and hoped in time to talk himself.

But he did not trust so much to natural sagacity, as wholly to neglect the help of books. When the theatres were shut, he retired to Richmond with a few select writers, whose opinions he impressed upon his memory by unwearied diligence; and when he returned with other wits to the town, was able to tell in very proper phrases, that the chief business of art is to copy nature; that a perfect writer is not to be expected, because genius decays as judgment increases; that the great art is the art of blotting; and that, according to the rule of Horace, every piece should be kept nine years.

Of the great authors he now began to display the characters,

characters, laying down, as an universal position, that all had beauties and defects. His opinion was, that Shakespeare, committing himself wholly to the impulse of nature, wanted that correctness which learning would have given him; and that Jonson, trusting to learning, did not sufficiently cast his eye on nature. He blamed the Stanza of Spenser, and could not bear the Hexameters of Sidney. Denham and Waller he held the first reformers of English numbers; and thought that if Waller could have obtained the strength of Denham, or Denham the sweetness of Waller, there had been nothing wanting to complete a poet. He often expressed his commiseration of Dryden's poverty, and his indignation at the age which suffered him to write for bread; he repeated with rapture the first lines of All for Love, but wondered at the corruption of taste which could bear anything so unnatural as rhyming tragedies. In Otway he found uncommon powers of moving the passions, but was disgusted by his general negligence, and blamed him for making a conspirator his hero; and never concluded his disquisition, without remarking how happily the sound of the clock is made to alarm the audience. Southerne would have been his favourite, but that he mixes comic with tragic scenes, intercepts the natural course

of

of the passions, and fills the mind with a wild confusion of mirth and melancholy. The versification of Rowe he thought too melodious for the stage, and too little varied in different passions. He made it the great fault of Congreve, that all his persons were wits, and that he always wrote with more art than nature. He considered Cato rather as a poem than a play, and allowed Addison to be the complete master of allegory and grave humour, but paid no great deference to him as a critic. He thought the chief merit of Prior was in his easy tales and lighter poems, though he allowed that his Solomon had many noble sentiments elegantly expressed. In Swift he discovered an inimitable vein of irony, and an easiness which all would hope and few would attain. Pope he was inclined to degrade from a poet to a versifier, and thought his numbers rather luscious than sweet. He often lamented the neglect of Phædra and Hippolitus, and wished to see the stage under better regulations.

These assertions passed commonly uncontradicted; and if now and then an opponent started up, he was quickly repressed by the suffrages of the company, and Minim went away from every dispute with elation of heart and increase of confidence.

He now grew conscious of his abilities, and began to

to talk of the present state of dramatic poetry; wondered what was become of the comic genius which supplied our ancestors with wit and pleasantry, and why no writer could be found that durst now venture beyond a farce. He saw no reason for thinking that the vein of humour was exhausted, since we live in a country where liberty suffers every character to spread itself to its utmost bulk, and which therefore produces more originals than all the rest of the world together. Of tragedy he concluded business to be the soul, and yet often hinted that love predominates too much upon the modern stage.

He was now an acknowledged critic, and had his own seat in a coffee-house, and headed a party in the pit. Minim has more vanity than ill-nature, and seldom desires to do much mischief; he will perhaps murmur a little in the ear of him that sits next him, but endeavours to influence the audience to favour, by clapping when an actor exclaims, *Ye Gods!* or laments the misery of his country.

By degrees he was admitted to rehearsals; and many of his friends are of opinion, that our present poets are indebted to him for their happiest thoughts; by his contrivance the bell was rung twice in Barbarossa; and by his persuasion the author of Cleone concluded

concluded his play without a couplet; for what can be more absurd, said Minim, than that part of a play should be rhymed, and part written in blank verse? and by what acquisition of faculties is the speaker, who never could find rhymes before, enabled to rhyme at the conclusion of an act?

He is the great investigator of hidden beauties, and is particularly delighted when he finds *the sound an echo to the sense*. He has read all our poets with particular attention to this delicacy of versification, and wonders at the supineness with which their works have been hitherto perused, so that no man has found the sound of a drum in this distich:

> 'When pulpit, drum ecclesiastic,
> 'Was beat with fist instead of a stick;'

and that the wonderful lines upon Honour and a Bubble have hitherto passed without notice:

> 'Honour is like the glassy bubble,
> 'Which cost philosophers such trouble;
> 'Where, one part crack'd, the whole does fly,
> 'And wits are crack'd to find out why.'

In these verses, says Minim, we have two striking accommodations of the sound to the sense. It is impossible

possible to utter the two lines emphatically without an act like that which they describe; *Bubble* and *Trouble* causing a momentary inflation of the cheeks by the retention of the breath, which is afterwards forcibly emitted, as in the practice of *blowing bubbles*. But the greatest excellence is in the third line, which is *crack'd* in the middle to express a crack, and then shivers into monosyllables. Yet has this diamond lain neglected with common stones; and among the innumerable admirers of Hudibras the observation of this superlative passage has been reserved for the sagacity of Minim.

[*June* 9, 1759.]

DICK MINIM THE CRITIC

—Continued.

[*Di te, Damasippe, Deæque*
Verum ob consilium donent tonsore!
—HOR.]

MR. MINIM had now advanced himself to the zenith of critical reputation; when he was in the pit, every eye in the boxes was fixed upon him; when he entered his coffee-house, he was surrounded by circles of candidates, who passed their novitiate of literature under his tuition; his opinion was asked by all who had no opinion of their own, and yet loved to debate and decide; and no composition was supposed to pass in safety to posterity, till it had been secured by Minim's approbation.

Minim professes great admiration of the wisdom and munificence by which the academies of the Continent

tinent were raised, and often wishes for some standard of taste, for some tribunal, to which merit may appeal from caprice, prejudice, and malignity. He has formed a plan for an Academy of Criticism, where every work of imagination may be read before it is printed, and which shall authoritatively direct the theatres what pieces to receive or reject, to exclude or to revive.

Such an institution would, in Dick's opinion, spread the fame of English literature over Europe, and make London the metropolis of elegance and politeness, the place to which the learned and ingenious of all countries would repair for instruction and improvement, and where nothing would any longer be applauded or endured that was not conformed to the nicest rules, and finished with the highest elegance.

Till some happy conjunction of the planets shall dispose our princes or ministers to make themselves immortal by such an academy, Minim contents himself to preside four nights in a week in a critical society selected by himself, where he is heard without contradiction, and whence his judgment is disseminated through the great vulgar and the small.

When he is placed in the chair of criticism, he declares loudly for the noble simplicity of our ancestors, in opposition to the petty refinements, and ornamental

mental luxuriance. Sometimes he is sunk in despair, and perceives false delicacy daily gaining ground; and sometimes brightens his countenance with a gleam of hope, and predicts the revival of the true sublime. He then fulminates his loudest censures against the monkish barbarity of rhyme; wonders how beings that pretend to reason can be pleased with one line always ending like another; tells how unjustly and unnaturally sense is sacrificed to sound; how often the best thoughts are mangled by the necessity of confining or extending them to the dimensions of a couplet; and rejoices that genius has, in our days, shaken off the shackles which had incumbered it so long. Yet he allows that rhyme may sometimes be borne, if the lines be often broken, and the pauses judiciously diversified.

From blank verse he makes an easy transition to Milton, whom he produces as an example of the slow advance of lasting reputation. Milton is the only writer in whose books Minim can read for ever without weariness. What cause it is that exempts this pleasure from satiety he has long and diligently enquired, and believes it to consist in the perpetual variation of the numbers, by which the ear is gratified and the attention awakened. The lines that are commonly

monly thought rugged and unmusical, he conceives to have been written to temper the melodious luxury of the rest, or to express things by a proper cadence: for he scarcely finds a verse that has not this favourite beauty; he declares that he could shiver in a hot-house, when he reads that

'the ground
'Burns frore, and cold performs th' effect of fire;'

and that, when Milton bewails his blindness, the verse

'So thick a drop serene has quenched these orbs'

has, he knows not how, something that strikes him with an obscure sensation like that which he fancies would be felt from the sound of darkness.

Minim is not so confident of his rules of judgment as not very eagerly to catch new light from the name of the author. He is commonly so prudent as to spare those whom he cannot resist, unless, as will sometimes happen, he finds the public combined against them. But a fresh pretender to fame he is strongly inclined to censure, till his own honour requires that he commend him. Till he knows the success of a composition, he intrenches himself in general terms; there

there are some new thoughts and beautiful passages; but there is likewise much which he would have advised the author to expunge. He has several favourite epithets, of which he has never settled the meaning, but which are very commodiously applied to books which he has not read, or cannot understand. One is *manly*, another is *dry*, another *stiff*, and another *flimsy*; sometimes he discovers delicacy of style, and sometimes meets with *strange expressions*.

He is never so great, or so happy, as when a youth of promising parts is brought to receive his directions for the prosecution of his studies. He then puts on a very serious air; he advises his pupil to read none but the best authors; and, when he finds one congenial to his own mind, to study his beauties, but avoid his faults; and, when he sits down to write, to consider how his favourite author would think at the present time on the present occasion. He exhorts him to catch those moments when he finds his thoughts expanded and his genius exalted; but to take care lest imagination hurry him beyond the bounds of nature. He holds diligence the mother of success: yet enjoins him, with great earnestness, not to read more than he can digest, and not to confuse his mind by pursuing studies of contrary tendencies. He tells him that every

every man has his genius, and that Cicero could never be a poet. The boy retires illuminated, resolves to follow his genius, and to think how Milton would have thought: and Minim feasts upon his own beneficence till another day brings another pupil.

[*June* 16, 1759.]

ART-CONNOISSEURS.

[*Subtilis veterum judex et callidus* ——
—HOR.]

SIR,

I WAS much pleased with your ridicule of those shallow Critics, whose judgment, though often right as far as it goes, yet reaches only to inferior beauties, and who, unable to comprehend the whole, judge only by parts, and from thence determine the merit of extensive works. But there is another kind of Critic still worse, who judges by narrow rules, and those too often false, and which, though they should be true, and founded on nature, will lead him but a very little way towards the just estimation of the sublime beauties in works of genius; for whatever part of an art can be executed or criticised by rules, that part is no longer the work of genius, which implies

plies excellence out of the reach of rules. For my own part, I profess myself an Idler, and love to give my judgment, such as it is, from my immediate perceptions, without much fatigue of thinking; and I am of opinion, that if a man has not those perceptions right, it will be vain for him to endeavour to supply their place by rules, which may enable him to talk more learnedly, but not to distinguish more acutely. Another reason which has lessened my affection for the study of criticism is, that Critics, so far as I have observed, debar themselves from receiving any pleasure from the polite arts, at the same time that they profess to love and admire them: for these rules, being always uppermost, give them such a propensity to criticise, that, instead of giving up the reins of their imagination into their author's hands, their frigid minds are employed in examining whether the performance be according to the rules of art.

To those who are resolved to be Critics in spite of nature, and, at the same time, have no great disposition to much reading and study, I would recommend to them to assume the character of Connoisseur, which may be purchased at a much cheaper rate than that of a Critic in poetry. The remembrance of a few names of painters, with their general characters, with

a few rules of the Academy, which they may pick up among the painters, will go a great way towards making a very notable Connoisseur.

With a gentleman of this cast, I visited last week the Cartoons at Hampton-Court; he was just returned from Italy, a Connoisseur of course, and of course his mouth full of nothing but the grace of Raffaelle, the purity of Domenichino, the learning of Poussin, the air of Guido, the greatness of taste of the Caraches, and the sublimity and grand *contorno* of Michael Angelo; with all the rest of the cant of criticism, which he emitted with that volubility which generally those orators have who annex no idea to their words.

As we were passing through the rooms, in our way to the gallery, I made him observe a whole length of Charles the First, by Vandyke, as a perfect representation of the character as well as the figure of the man. He agreed it was very fine, but it wanted spirit and contrast, and had not the flowing line, without which a figure could not possibly be graceful. When we entered the Gallery, I thought I could perceive him recollecting his rules by which he was to criticise Raffaelle. I shall pass over his observation of the boats being too little, and other criticisms of that kind, till we arrived at *St. Paul preaching*. 'This, '(says

'(says he) is esteemed the most excellent of all the 'Cartoons; what nobleness, what dignity there is in 'that figure of St. Paul! and yet what an addition to 'that nobleness could Raffaelle have given, had the 'art of contrast been known in his time! but, above 'all, the flowing line, which constitutes grace and 'beauty. You would not then have seen an upright 'figure standing equally on both legs, and both hands 'stretched forward in the same direction, and his 'drapery, to all appearance, without the least art of 'disposition.' The following picture is the *Charge to Peter*. 'Here (says he) are twelve upright figures; 'what a pity it is that Raffaelle was not acquainted 'with the pyramidal principle! He would then 'have contrived the figures in the middle to have 'been on higher ground, or the figures at the ex- 'tremities stooping or lying, which would not only 'have formed the group into the shape of a pyramid, 'but likewise contrasted the standing figures. In- 'deed,' added he, 'I have often lamented that so 'great a genius as Raffaelle had not lived in this 'enlightened age, since the art has been reduced to 'principles, and had had his education in one of the 'modern academies; what glorious works might we 'then have expected from his divine pencil!'

I shall trouble you no longer with my friend's observations, which, I suppose, you are now able to continue by yourself. It is curious to observe, that, at the same time that great admiration is pretended for a name of fixed reputation, objections are raised against those very qualities by which that great name was acquired.

Those Critics are continually lamenting that Raffaelle had not the colouring and harmony of Rubens, or the light and shadow of Rembrandt, without considering how much the gay harmony of the former, and affectation of the latter, would take from the dignity of Raffaelle; and yet Rubens had great harmony, and Rembrandt understood light and shadow: but what may be an excellence in a lower class of painting, becomes a blemish in a higher; as the quick, sprightly turn which is the life and beauty of epigrammatic compositions, would but ill suit with the majesty of heroic poetry.

To conclude: I would not be thought to infer from anything that has been said that rules are absolutely unnecessary; but to censure scrupulosity, a servile attention to minute exactness, which is sometimes inconsistent with higher excellency, and is lost in the blaze of expanded genius.

I

I do not know whether you will think painting a general subject. By inserting this letter, perhaps you will incur the censure a man would deserve, whose business being to entertain a whole room, should turn his back to the company, and talk to a particular person.

I am, Sir, &c.

[*Sept.* 29, 1759.]

THE

THE MAN IN BLACK.

['Ο ἄνθρωπος εὐεργετὸς πεφυκὼς.
—Antonin.]

THOUGH fond of many acquaintances, I desire an intimacy only with a few. The Man in Black, whom I have often mentioned, is one whose friendship I could wish to acquire, because he possesses my esteem. His manners, it is true, are tinctured with some strange inconsistencies; and he may be justly termed an humorist in a nation of humorists. Though he is generous even to profusion, he affects to be thought a prodigy of parsimony and prudence; though his conversation be replete with the most sordid and selfish maxims, his heart is dilated with the most unbounded love. I have known him profess himself a man-hater, while his cheek was glowing with compassion; and, while his looks were softened into pity,

pity, I have heard him use the language of the most unbounded ill-nature. Some affect humanity and tenderness, others boast of having such dispositions from Nature; but he is the only man I ever knew who seemed ashamed of his natural benevolence. He takes as much pains to hide his feelings, as any hypocrite would to conceal his indifference; but on every unguarded moment the mask drops off, and reveals him to the most superficial observer.

In one of our late excursions into the country, happening to discourse upon the provision that was made for the poor in England, he seemed amazed how any of his countrymen could be so foolishly weak as to relieve occasional objects of charity, when the laws had made such ample provision for their support. 'In every parish-house,' says he, 'the poor are supplied with food, clothes, fire, and a bed to lie on; 'they want no more, I desire no more myself; yet 'still they seem discontented. I'm surprised at the 'inactivity of our magistrates, in not taking up such 'vagrants, who are only a weight upon the industri-'ous; I'm surprised that the people are found to 'relieve them, when they must be at the same time 'sensible that it, in some measure, encourages idle-'ness, extravagance, and imposture. Were I to advise

'any

'any man for whom I had the least regard, I would 'caution him by all means not to be imposed upon 'by their false pretences: let me assure you, Sir, 'they are impostors, every one of them; and rather 'merit a prison than relief.'

He was proceeding in this strain earnestly, to dissuade me from an imprudence of which I am seldom guilty, when an old man, who still had about him the remnants of tattered finery, implored our compassion. He assured us that he was no common beggar, but forced into the shameful profession to support a dying wife and five hungry children. Being prepossessed against such falsehoods, his story had not the least influence upon me; but it was quite otherwise with the Man in Black; I could see it visibly operate upon his countenance, and effectually interrupt his harangue. I could easily perceive that his heart burned to relieve the five starving children, but he seemed ashamed to discover his weakness to me. While he thus hesitated between compassion and pride, I pretended to look another way, and he seized this opportunity of giving the poor petitioner a piece of silver, bidding him at the same time, in order that I should hear, go work for his bread, and not tease passengers with such impertinent falsehoods for the future.

As

As he had fancied himself quite unperceived, he continued, as we proceeded, to rail against beggars with as much animosity as before; he threw in some episodes on his own amazing prudence and economy, with his profound skill in discovering impostors; he explained the manner in which he would deal with beggars, were he a magistrate, hinted at enlarging some of the prisons for their reception, and told two stories of ladies that were robbed by beggarmen. He was beginning a third to the same purpose, when a sailor with a wooden leg once more crossed our walks, desiring our pity, and blessing our limbs. I was for going on without taking any notice, but my friend looking wishfully upon the poor petitioner, bid me stop, and he would shew me with how much ease he could at any time detect an impostor.

He now, therefore, assumed a look of importance, and in an angry tone began to examine the sailor, demanding in what engagement he was thus disabled and rendered unfit for service. The sailor replied in a tone as angrily as he, that he had been an officer on board a private ship of war, and that he had lost his leg abroad, in defence of those who did nothing at home. At this reply, all my friend's importance vanished in a moment; he had not a single question more

more to ask; he now only studied what method he should take to relieve him unobserved. He had, however, no easy part to act, as he was obliged to preserve the appearance of ill-nature before me, and yet relieve himself by relieving the sailor. Casting, therefore, a furious look upon some bundles of chips which the fellow carried in a string at his back, my friend demanded how he sold his matches; but not waiting for a reply, desired, in a surly tone, to have a shilling's worth. The sailor seemed at first surprised at his demand, but soon recollecting himself, and presenting his whole bundle—'Here, master,' says he, 'take all 'my cargo, and a blessing into the bargain.'

It is impossible to describe with what an air of triumph my friend marched off with his new purchase; he assured me that he was firmly of opinion that those fellows must have stolen their goods who could thus afford to sell them for half value. He informed me of several different uses to which those chips might be applied; he expatiated largely upon the savings that would result from lighting candles with a match instead of thrusting them into the fire. He averred that he would as soon have parted with a tooth as his money to those vagabonds, unless for some valuable consideration. I cannot tell how long this

this panegyric upon frugality and matches might have continued, had not his attention been called off by another object more distressful than either of the former. A woman in rags, with one child in her arms, and another on her back, was attempting to sing ballads, but with such a mournful voice that it was difficult to determine whether she was singing or crying. A wretch who in the deepest distress still aimed at good-humour, was an object my friend was by no means capable of withstanding; his vivacity and his discourse were instantly interrupted; upon this occasion his very dissimulation had forsaken him. Even in my presence, he immediately applied his hands to his pockets, in order to relieve her; but guess his confusion, when he found he had already given away all the money he carried about him to former objects. The misery painted in the woman's visage was not half so strongly expressed as the agony in his. He continued to search for some time, but to no purpose, till, at length, recollecting himself, with a face of ineffable good-nature, as he had no money, he put into her hands his shilling's worth of matches.

[1760.]

BEAU TIBBS.

[*Quid . . . feret hic promissor?*
—Hor.]

THOUGH naturally pensive, yet I am fond of gay company, and take every opportunity of thus dismissing the mind from duty. From this motive I am often found in the centre of a crowd; and wherever pleasure is to be sold, am always a purchaser. In those places, without being remarked by any, I join in whatever goes forward; work my passions into a similitude of frivolous earnestness, shout as they shout, and condemn as they happen to disapprove. A mind thus sunk for awhile below its natural standard, is qualified for stronger flights, as those first retire who would spring forward with greater vigour.

Attracted by the serenity of the evening, a friend and

and I lately went to gaze upon the company in one of the public walks near the city. Here we sauntered together for some time, either praising the beauty of such as were handsome, or the dresses of such as had nothing else to recommend them. We had gone thus deliberately forward for some time, when my friend, stopping on a sudden, caught me by the elbow, and led me out of the public walk. I could perceive by the quickness of his pace, and by his frequently looking behind, that he was attempting to avoid somebody who followed; we now turned to the right, then to the left; as we went forward, he still went faster, but in vain; the person whom he attempted to escape, hunted us through every doubling, and gained upon us each moment; so that at last we fairly stood still, resolving to face what we could not avoid.

Our pursuer soon came up, and joined us with all the familiarity of an old acquaintance. 'My dear 'Charles,' cries he, shaking my friend's hand, 'where 'have you been hiding this half a century? Positively I had fancied you were gone down to cultivate matrimony and your estate in the country.' During the reply I had an opportunity of surveying the appearance of our new companion. His hat was pinched up with peculiar smartness; his looks were pale,

pale, thin, and sharp; round his neck he wore a broad black ribbon, and in his bosom a buckle studded with glass; his coat was trimmed with tarnished twist; he wore by his side a sword with a black hilt, and his stockings of silk, though newly washed, were grown yellow by long service. I was so much engaged with the peculiarity of his dress, that I attended only to the latter part of my friend's reply, in which he complimented Mr. Tibbs on the taste of his clothes, and the bloom in his countenance. 'Psha, psha, Charles!' cried the figure, 'no more 'of that if you love me; you know I hate flattery, on 'my soul I do; and yet, to be sure, an intimacy with 'the great will improve one's appearance, and a course 'of venison will fatten; and yet, faith, I despise the 'great as much as you do; but there are a great many 'honest fellows among them; and we must not quarrel 'with one half because the other wants breeding. If 'they were all such as my Lord Mudler, one of the 'most good-natured creatures that ever squeezed a 'lemon, I should myself be among the number of 'their admirers. I was yesterday to dine at the 'Duchess of Piccadilly's. My lord was there. '"Ned," says he to me, "Ned," says he, "I'll '"hold gold to silver I can tell where you were '"poaching

'"poaching last night."—"Poaching, my lord?" 'says I; "faith, you have missed already; for I '"stayed at home, and let the girls poach for me. '"That's my way; I take a fine woman as some "'animals do their prey; stand still, and swoop, '"they fall into my mouth."'

'Ah, Tibbs, thou art an happy fellow,' cried my companion, with looks of infinite pity; 'I hope 'your fortune is as much improved as your under-'standing in such company?'—'Improved!' replied the other; 'you shall know—but let it go no fur-'ther,—a great secret—five hundred a-year to begin 'with.—My lord's word of honour for it—His lord-'ship took me down in his own chariot yesterday, 'and we had a *tête-a-tête* dinner in the country; 'where we talked of nothing else.'—'I fancy you 'forgot, Sir,' cried I; 'you told us but this moment 'of your dining yesterday in town!' 'Did I say 'so?' replied he, coolly. 'To be sure if I said so it 'was so.—Dined in town: egad, now I do remember, 'I did dine in town; but I dined in the country too; 'for you must know, my boys, I eat two dinners. 'By the bye, I am grown as nice as the devil in my 'eating. I'll tell you a pleasant affair about that: 'We were a select party of us to dine at Lady Gro-

'gram's,

'gram's, an affected piece, but let it go no further; 'a secret. "Well," says I, "I'll hold a thousand 'guineas, and say done first, that——" But, dear 'Charles, you are an honest creature, lend me half-a-'crown for a minute or two, or so, just till— But, 'harkee, ask me for it the next time we meet, or it 'may be twenty to one but I forget to pay you.'

When he left us, our conversation naturally turned upon so extraordinary a character. 'His very dress,' cries my friend, 'is not less extraordinary than his 'conduct. If you meet him this day, you find him in 'rags; if the next, in embroidery. With those per-'sons of distinction, of whom he talks so familiarly, 'he has scarce a coffee-house acquaintance. How-'ever, both for the interests of society, and perhaps 'for his own, Heaven has made him poor; and while 'all the world perceives his wants, he fancies them 'concealed from every eye. An agreeable companion, 'because he understands flattery; and all must be 'pleased with the first part of his conversation, 'though all are sure of its ending with a demand on 'their purse. While his youth countenances the 'levity of his conduct, he may thus earn a precarious 'subsistence; but when age comes on, the gravity 'of which is incompatible with buffoonery, then will 'he

'he find himself forsaken by all; condemned, in 'the decline of life, to hang upon some rich family 'whom he once despised, there to undergo all the 'ingenuity of studied contempt, to be employed only 'as a spy upon the servants, or a bugbear to fright 'children into duty.'

[1760.]

BEAU TIBBS AT HOME.

[—— *Hic vivimus ambitiosa*
Paupertate omnes. —— —Juv.]

THERE are some acquaintances whom it is no easy matter to shake off. My little beau yesterday overtook me again in one of the public walks, and, slapping me on the shoulder, saluted me with an air of the most perfect familiarity. His dress was the same as usual, except that he had more powder in his hair; wore a dirtier shirt, and had on a pair of temple spectacles, and his hat under his arm.

As I knew him to be an harmless amusing little thing, I could not return his smiles with any degree of severity; so we walked forward on terms of the utmost intimacy, and in a few minutes discussed all the usual topics preliminary to particular conversation.

The

The oddities that marked his character, however, soon began to appear; he bowed to several well-dressed persons, who, by their manner of returning the compliment, appeared perfect strangers. At intervals he drew out a pocket-book, seeming to take memorandums before all the company, with much importance and assiduity. In this manner he led me through the length of the whole Mall, fretting at his absurdities, and fancying myself laughed at as well as he by every spectator.

When we were got to the end of our procession—'Hang me!' cries he, with an air of vivacity, 'I 'never saw the Park so thin in my life before; there's 'no company at all to-day. Not a single face to be 'seen.'—'No company!' interrupted I, peevishly; 'no company where there is such a crowd? why, 'man, there is too much. What are the thousands 'that have been laughing at us but company?'—'Lord, my dear,' returned he, with the utmost good humour, 'you seem immensely chagrined; but, hang 'me, when the world laughs at me, I laugh at all 'the world, and so we are even. My Lord Trip, 'Bill Squash, the Creolian, and I, sometimes make 'a party at being ridiculous; and so we say and do a 'thousand things for the joke sake. But I see you

'are

'are grave, and if you are for a fine grave sentimental 'companion, you shall dine with my wife to-day; 'I must insist on't; I'll introduce you to Mrs. Tibbs, 'a lady of as elegant qualifications as any in nature; 'she was bred, but that's between ourselves, under 'the inspection of the Countess of Shoreditch. A 'charming body of voice! But no more of that, she 'shall give us a song. You shall see my little girl 'too, Carolina Wilhelma Amelia Tibbs, a sweet 'pretty creature; I design her for my Lord Drum-'stick's eldest son; but that's in friendship, let it go 'no further; she's but six years old, and yet she 'walks a minuet, and plays on the guitar immensely 'already. I intend she shall be as perfect as possible 'in every accomplishment. In the first place I'll 'make her a scholar; I'll teach her Greek myself, 'and I intend to learn that language purposely to 'instruct her; but let that be a secret.'

Thus saying, without waiting for a reply, he took me by the arm and hauled me along. We passed through many dark alleys and winding ways; for, from some motives to me unknown, he seemed to have a particular aversion to every frequented street; at last, however, we got to the door of a dismal-looking house in the outlets of the town, where he informed

formed me he chose to reside for the benefit of the air.

We entered the lower door, which seemed ever to lie most hospitably open: and I began to ascend an old and creaking staircase, when, as he mounted to shew me the way, he demanded, whether I delighted in prospects; to which answering in the affirmative, —'Then,' says he, 'I shall show you one of the 'most charming out of my windows; we shall see 'the ships sailing, and the whole country for twenty 'miles round, tip top, quite high. My Lord Swamp 'would give ten thousand guineas for such a one; 'but, as I sometimes pleasantly tell him, I always love 'to keep my prospects at home, that my friends may 'come to see me the oftener.'

By this time we were arrived as high as the stairs would permit us to ascend, till we came to what he was facetiously pleased to call the first floor down the chimney; and knocking at the door, a voice, with a Scotch accent, from within, demanded—'Wha's 'there?' My conductor answered, that it was him. But this not satisfying the querist, the voice again repeated the demand: to which he answered louder than before, and now the door was opened by an old maid servant with cautious reluctance.

When

When we were got in, he welcomed me to his house with great ceremony, and turning to the old woman, asked where her lady was? 'Good troth,' replied she in the northern dialect, 'she's washing your 'twa shirts at the next door, because they have taken 'an oath against lending out the tub any longer.'—'My two shirts!' cries he in a tone that faltered with confusion, 'what does the idiot mean!'—'I ken 'what I mean well enough,' replied the other; 'she's 'washing your twa shirts at the next door, because '——' 'Fire and fury! no more of thy stupid ex- 'planations,' cried he. 'Go and inform her we have 'got company. Were that Scotch hag,' continued he, turning to me, 'to be for ever in the family, she 'would never learn politeness, nor forget that absurd 'poisonous accent of hers, or testify the smallest 'specimen of breeding or high life; and yet it is very 'surprising too, as I had her from a parliament man, 'a friend of mine, from the Highlands, one of the 'politest men in the world; but that's a secret.'

We waited some time for Mrs. Tibbs' arrival, during which interval I had a full opportunity of surveying the chamber and all its furniture; which consisted of four chairs with old wrought bottoms, that he assured me were his wife's embroidery; a square

square table that had been once japanned, a cradle in one corner, a lumbering cabinet in the other; a broken shepherdess, and a mandarine without a head, were stuck over the chimney; and round the walls several paltry, unframed pictures, which, he observed, were all of his own drawing—'What do you think, 'Sir, of that head in the corner, done in the manner 'of Grisoni? There's the true keeping in it; it's my 'own face: and though there happens to be no like-'ness, a countess offered me an hundred for its 'fellow: I refused her; for, hang it, that would be 'mechanical, you know.'

The wife, at last, made her appearance, at once a slattern and a coquette; much emaciated, but still carrying the remains of beauty. She made twenty apologies for being seen in such odious dishabille, but hoped to be excused, as she had stayed out all night at Vauxhall Gardens with the countess, who was excessively fond of the horns.—'And indeed, my dear,' added she, turning to her husband, 'his lordship drank 'your health in a bumper.'—'Poor Jack,' cries he, 'a 'dear good-natured creature, I know he loves me; but 'I hope, my dear, you have given orders for dinner? 'you need make no great preparations neither, there 'are but three of us; something elegant, and little

'will

'will do; a turbot, an ortolan, or a——' 'Or what 'do you think, my dear,' interrupts the wife, 'of a 'nice pretty bit of ox-cheek, piping hot, and dressed 'with a little of my own sauce?'—'The very thing,' replies he; 'it will eat best with some smart bottled 'beer; but be sure to let's have the sauce his grace 'was so fond of. I hate your immense loads of 'meat; that is country all over; extreme disgusting 'to those who are in the least acquainted with high 'life.'

By this time my curiosity began to abate, and my appetite to increase; the company of fools may at first make us smile, but at last never fails of rendering us melancholy. I therefore pretended to recollect a prior engagement, and after having shewn my respect to the house, by giving the old servant a piece of money at the door, I took my leave: Mr. Tibbs assuring me that dinner, if I stayed, would be ready at least in less than two hours.

[1760.]

BEAU TIBBS AT VAUXHALL.

[—— *Nunc et campus, et areæ,*
Lenesque sub noctem susurri
Composita repetantur hora.
—Hor.]

THE people of London are as fond of walking as our friends at Pekin of riding; one of the principal entertainments of the citizens here in summer is to repair about nightfall to a garden not far from town, where they walk about, shew their best clothes and best faces, and listen to a concert provided for the occasion.

I accepted an invitation, a few evenings ago, from my old friend, the Man in Black, to be one of a party that was to sup there; and at the appointed hour waited upon him at his lodgings. There I found the company assembled, and expecting my arrival. Our party

party consisted of my friend in superlative finery, his stockings rolled, a black velvet waistcoat which was formerly new, and his grey wig combed down in imitation of hair; a pawn-broker's widow, of whom, by the bye, my friend was a professed admirer, dressed out in green damask, with three gold rings on every finger; Mr. Tibbs, the second-rate beau I have formerly described, together with his lady, in flimsy silk, dirty gauze instead of linen, and a hat as big as an umbrella.

Our first difficulty was in settling how we should set out. Mrs. Tibbs had a natural aversion to the water; and the widow, being a little in flesh, as warmly protested against walking; a coach was therefore agreed upon; which being too small to carry five, Mr. Tibbs consented to sit in his wife's lap.

In this manner, therefore, we set forward, being entertained by the way with the bodings of Mr. Tibbs, who assured us he did not expect to see a single creature for the evening above the degree of a cheesemonger; that this was the last night of the gardens, and that, consequently, we should be pestered with the nobility and gentry from Thames Street and Crooked Lane; with several other prophetic ejaculations, probably inspired by the uneasiness of his situation.

The

The illuminations began before we arrived; and I must confess, that, upon entering the gardens, I found every sense overpaid with more than expected pleasure: the lights everywhere glimmering through the scarcely moving trees; the full-bodied concert bursting on the stillness of the night, the natural concert of the birds, in the more retired part of the grove, vying with that which was formed by art; the company gaily dressed, looking satisfaction, and the tables spread with various delicacies; all conspired to fill my imagination with the visionary happiness of the Arabian law-giver, and lifted me into an ecstasy of admiration. 'Head of Confucius,' cried I to my friend, 'this is fine! this unites rural beauty with 'courtly magnificence; if we except the virgins of 'immortality that hang on every tree, and may be 'plucked at every desire, I do not see how this falls 'short of Mahomet's Paradise!'—'As for virgins,' cries my friend, 'it is true, they are a fruit that don't 'much abound in our gardens here; but if ladies, as 'plenty as apples in autumn, and as complying as any '*houri* of them all, can content you, I fancy we have 'no need to go to heaven for paradise.'

I was going to second his remarks, when we were called to a consultation by Mr. Tibbs and the rest of the

the company, to know in what manner we were to lay out the evening to the greatest advantage. Mrs. Tibbs was for keeping the genteel walk of the garden, where, she observed, there was always the very best company; the widow, on the contrary, who came but once a season, was for securing a good standing-place to see the water-works, which, she assured us, would begin in less than an hour at farthest: a dispute therefore began; and, as it was managed between two of very opposite characters, it threatened to grow more bitter at every reply. Mrs. Tibbs wondered how people could pretend to know the polite world, who had received all their rudiments of breeding behind a counter; to which the other replied, that, though some people sat behind counters, yet they could sit at the head of their own tables too, and carve three good dishes of hot meat whenever they thought proper, which was more than some people could say for themselves, that hardly knew a rabbit and onions from a green goose and gooseberries.

It is hard to say where this might have ended, had not the husband, who probably knew the impetuosity of his wife's disposition, proposed to end the dispute by adjourning to a box, and try if there was anything to be had for supper that was supportable.

To

To this we all consented; but here a new distress arose, Mr. and Mrs. Tibbs would sit in none but a genteel box, a box where they might see and be seen; one, as they expressed it, in the very focus of public view: but such a box was not easy to be obtained, for though we were perfectly convinced of our own gentility, and the gentility of our appearance, yet we found it a difficult matter to persuade the keepers of the boxes to be of our opinion; they chose to reserve genteel boxes for what they judged more genteel company.

At last, however, we were fixed, though somewhat obscurely, and supplied with the usual entertainment of the place. The widow found the supper excellent, but Mrs. Tibbs thought everything detestable. 'Come, come, my dear,' cries the husband, by way of consolation, 'to be sure we can't find such dressing 'here as we have at Lord Crump's, or Lady Crimp's; 'but for Vauxhall dressing, it is pretty good; it is 'not their victuals, indeed, I find fault with, but their 'wine; their wine,' cries he, drinking off a glass, 'indeed, is most abominable.'

By this last contradiction, the widow was fairly conquered in point of politeness. She perceived now that she had no pretensions in the world to taste, her very

very senses were vulgar, since she had praised detestable custard, and smacked at wretched wine; she was therefore content to yield the victory, and for the rest of the night to listen and improve. It is true, she would now and then forget herself, and confess she was pleased; but they soon brought her back again to miserable refinement. She once praised the painting of the box in which we were sitting; but was soon convinced that such paltry pieces ought rather to excite horror than satisfaction; she ventured again to commend one of the singers; but Mrs. Tibbs soon let her know, in the style of a connoisseur, that the singer in question had neither ear, voice, nor judgment.

Mr. Tibbs, now willing to prove that his wife's pretensions to music were just, entreated her to favour the company with a song; but to this she gave a positive denial—'For you know very well, my 'dear,' says she, 'that I am not in voice to-day; 'and when one's voice is not equal to one's judgment, 'what signifies singing? Besides, as there is no 'accompaniment, it would be but spoiling music.' All these excuses, however, were over-ruled by the rest of the company; who, though one would think they already had music enough, joined in the entreaty

treaty; but particularly the widow, now willing to convince the company of her breeding, pressed so warmly, that she seemed determined to take no refusal. At last, then, the lady complied; and, after humming for some minutes, began with such a voice, and such affectation, as I could perceive gave but little satisfaction to any except her husband. He sat with rapture in his eye, and beat time with his hand on the table.

You must observe, my friend, that it is the custom of this country, when a lady or gentleman happens to sing, for the company to sit as mute and motionless as statues. Every feature, every limb, must seem to correspond in fixed attention; and while the song continues, they are to remain in a state of universal petrifaction. In this mortifying situation, we had continued for some time, listening to the song, and looking with tranquillity, when the master of the box came to inform us, that the water-works were going to begin. At this information, I could instantly perceive the widow bounce from her seat; but correcting herself, she sat down again, repressed by motives of good-breeding. Mrs. Tibbs, who had seen the water-works a hundred times, resolving not to be interrupted, continued her song without any share of mercy, nor had the smallest pity upon our impatience.

The

The widow's face, I own, gave me high entertainment; in it I could plainly read the struggle she felt between good-breeding and curiosity; she talked of the water-works the whole evening before, and seemed to have come merely in order to see them; but then she could not bounce out in the very middle of a song, for that would be forfeiting all pretensions to high life, or high-lived company, ever after: Mrs. Tibbs therefore kept on singing, and we continued to listen, till at last, when the song was just concluded, the waiter came to inform us that the water-works were over!

'The water-works over!' cried the widow; 'the 'water-works over already! that's impossible; they 'can't be over so soon!'—'It is not my business,' replied the fellow, 'to contradict your ladyship; I'll 'run again and see.' He went, and soon returned with a confirmation of the dismal tidings. No ceremony could now bind my friend's disappointed mistress, she testified her displeasure in the openest manner; in short, she now began to find fault in turn, and at last insisted upon going home, just at the time that Mr. and Mrs. Tibbs assured the company that the polite hours were going to begin, and that the ladies would instantaneously be entertained with the horns.

A COUNTRY DOWAGER.

——— *Sed in longum tamen ævum*
Manserunt hodieque manent vestigia ruris.
—HOR.

THAT there is Nobody in town, is the observation of every person one has met for several weeks past; and though the word *Nobody*, like its fellow-vocable *Everybody*, has a great latitude of signification, and in this instance means upwards of three score thousand people, yet undoubtedly, in a certain rank of life, one finds, at this season, a very great blank in one's accustomed society. He whom circumstances oblige to remain in town, feels a sort of imprisonment from which his more fortunate acquaintance have escaped to purer air, to fresher breezes, and a clearer sky. He sees, with a very melancholy aspect, the close window-shutters of deserted houses, the rusted knockers,

knockers, and mossy pavement of unfrequented squares, and the few distant scattered figures of empty walks; while he fancies, in the country, the joyousness of the reapers, and the shout of the sportsman enlivening the fields; and within doors, the hours made jocund by the festivity of assembled friends, the frolic, the dance, and the song. . . .

I am not sure if, in the regret which I feel for my absence from the country, I do not rate its enjoyments higher, and paint its landscapes in more glowing colours, than the reality might afford. I have long cultivated a talent very fortunate for a man of my disposition, that of travelling in my easy chair, of transporting myself, without stirring from my parlour, to distant places and to absent friends, of drawing scenes in my mind's eye, and of peopling them with the groups of fancy, or the society of remembrance. When I have sometimes lately felt the dreariness of the town, deserted by my acquaintance; when I have returned from the coffee-house where the boxes were unoccupied, and strolled out for my accustomed walk, which even the lame beggar had left; I was fain to shut myself up in my room, order a dish of my best tea (for there is a sort of melancholy which disposes one to make much of one's self), and calling

calling up the powers of memory and imagination, leave the solitary town for a solitude more interesting, which my younger days enjoyed in the country, which I think, and if I am wrong I do not wish to be undeceived, was the most Elysian spot in the world.

'Twas at an old lady's, a relation and godmother of mine, where a particular incident occasioned my being left during the vacation of two successive seasons. Her house was formed out of the remains of an old Gothic castle, of which one tower was still almost entire; it was tenanted by kindly daws and swallows. Beneath, in a modernised part of the building, resided the mistress of the mansion. The house was skirted with a few majestic elms and beeches, and the stumps of several others shewed that they had once been more numerous. To the west, a clump of firs covered a ragged rocky dell, where the rooks claimed a prescriptive seignory. Through this a dashing rivulet forced its way, which afterwards grew quiet in its progress; and gurgling gently through a piece of downy meadow-ground, crossed the bottom of the garden, where a little rustic paling enclosed a washing-green, and a wicker seat, fronting the south, was placed for the accommodation of the old Lady, whose

lesser

lesser tour, when her fields did not require a visit, used to terminate in this spot. Here, too, were ranged the hives for her bees, whose hum, in a still, warm sunshine, soothed the good old Lady's indolence, while their proverbial industry was sometimes quoted for the instruction of her washers. The brook ran brawling through some underwood on the outside of the garden, and soon after formed a little cascade, which fell into the river that winded through a valley in front of the house. When haymaking or harvest was going on, my godmother took her long stick in her hand, and overlooked the labours of the mowers or reapers; though I believe there was little thrift in the superintendency, as the visit generally cost her a draught of beer or a dram, to encourage their diligence.

Within doors she had so able an assistant, that her labour was little. In that department an old manservant was her minister, the father of my Peter, who serves me not the less faithfully that we have gathered nuts together in my godmother's hazel-bank. This old butler (I call him by his title of honour, though in truth he had many subordinate offices) had originally enlisted with her husband, who went into the army a youth, though he afterwards married and became a country gentleman, had been his servant

vant abroad, and attended him during his last illness at home. His best hat, which he wore a-Sundays, with a scarlet waistcoat of his master's, had still a cockade in it.

Her husband's books were in a room at the top of a screw staircase, which had scarce been opened since his death; but her own library for Sabbath or rainy days, was ranged in a little book-press in the parlour. It consisted, as far as I can remember, of several volumes of sermons, a Concordance, Thomas a'Kempis, Antoninus's Meditations, the Works of the Author of the Whole Duty of Man, and a translation of Boethius; the original editions of the Spectator and Guardian, Cowley's Poems, Dryden's Works (of which I had lost a volume soon after I first came about her house), Baker's Chronicle, Burnet's History of his own Times, Lamb's Royal Cookery, Abercromby's Scots Warriors, and Nisbet's Heraldry.

The subject of the last-mentioned book was my godmother's strong ground; and she could disentangle a point of genealogy beyond anybody I ever knew. She had an excellent memory for anecdote, and her stories, though sometimes long, were never tiresome; for she had been a woman of great beauty and accomplishments in her youth, and had kept such company as made the

drama

drama of her stories respectable and interesting. She spoke frequently of such of her own family as she remembered when a child, but scarcely ever of those she had lost, though one could see she thought of them often. She had buried a beloved husband and four children. Her youngest, Edward, 'her beautiful, her 'brave,' fell in Flanders, and was not entombed with his ancestors. His picture, done when a child, an artless red and white portrait, smelling at a nosegay, but very like withal, hung at her bedside, and his sword and gorget were crossed under it. When she spoke of a soldier, it was in a style above her usual simplicity; there was a sort of swell in her language, which sometimes a tear (for her age had not lost the privilege of tears) made still more eloquent. She kept her sorrows, like the devotions that solaced them, sacred to herself. They threw nothing of gloom over her deportment; a gentle shade only, like the fleckered clouds of summer, that increase, not diminish, the benignity of the season.

She had few neighbours, and still fewer visitors; but her reception of such as did visit her was cordial in the extreme. She pressed a little too much, perhaps; but there was so much heart and good-will in her importunity, as made her good things seem better than those of

of any other table. Nor was her attention confined only to the good fare of her guests, though it might have flattered her vanity more than that of most exhibitors of good dinners, because the cookery was generally directed by herself. Their servants lived as well in her hall, and their horses in her stable. She looked after the airing of their sheets, and saw their fires mended if the night was cold. Her old butler, who rose betimes, would never suffer any body to mount his horse fasting.

The parson of the parish was her guest every Sunday, and said prayers in the evening. To say truth, he was no great genius, nor much a scholar. I believe my godmother knew rather more of divinity than he did; but she received from him information of another sort; he told her who were the poor, the sick, the dying of the parish, and she had some assistance, some comfort for them all.

I could draw the old lady at this moment!—dressed in grey, with a clean white hood nicely plaited (for she was somewhat finical about the neatness of her person), sitting in her straight-backed elbow-chair, which stood in a large window scooped out of the thickness of the ancient wall. The middle panes of the window were of painted glass, the story of Joseph and his brethren.

On

On the outside waved a honeysuckle-tree, which often threw its shade across her book or her work; but she would not allow it to be cut down. 'It has stood there 'many a day,' said she, 'and we old inhabitants should 'bear with one another.' Methinks I see her thus seated, her spectacles on, but raised a little on her brow for a pause of explanation, their shagreen-case laid between the leaves of a silver-clasped family-bible.—On one side her bell and snuff-box; on the other her knitting apparatus in a blue damask bag. Between her and the fire an old Spanish pointer, that had formerly been her son Edward's, teased, but not teased out of his gravity, by a little terrier of mine. All this is before me, and I am a hundred miles from town, its inhabitants, and its business. In town I may have seen such a figure; but the country scenery around, like the tasteful frame of an excellent picture, gives it a heightening, a relief, which it would lose in any other situation.

Some of my readers, perhaps, will look with little relish on the portrait. I know it is an egotism in me to talk of its value; but over this dish of tea, and in such a temper of mind, one is given to egotism. It will be only adding another to say, that when I recal the rural scene of the good old lady's abode, her simple,

simple, her innocent, her useful employments, the afflictions she sustained in this world, the comforts she drew from another, I feel a serenity of soul, a benignity of affections, which I am sure confer happiness, and I think must promote virtue.

[*Sept.* 30, 1786.]

ILLUSTRATIVE

ILLUSTRATIVE NOTES.

No. 1, page 1.—*Mr. Bickerstaff Visits a Friend.*—For those to whom the touching domestic picture contained in this and the following paper is unfamiliar, it may be well to recall a passage from Mr. Forster's *Steele* (*Historical and Biographical Essays*, 1858, ii., 138):—'In connexion with it, too, it is to 'be remembered that at this time [1709], as Mr. 'Macaulay observes in his Essay, no such thing as 'the English novel existed. De Foe as yet was 'only an eager politician, Richardson an industrious 'compositor, Fielding a mischievous schoolboy, and 'Smollett and Goldsmith were not born. For your 'circulating libraries (the first of which had been 'established some six years before, to the horror of 'sellers of books, and the ruin of its ingenious in-'ventor) there was as yet nothing livelier, in that 'direction, than the interminable *Grand Cyrus* of 'Madame de Scudéri, or the long-winded *Cassandra* 'and *Pharamond* of the lord of La Calprenède, which 'Steele so heartily laughed at in his *Tender Husband*.'

A 'point of war' (p. 7) is used by Shakespeare and the Elizabethans for a strain of military music.—(See Henry IV., Act iv., Sc. 1.) 'John Hickathrift' (p. 8)

(p. 8) is generally styled 'Thomas' in the 'Pleasant 'and Delightful Histories' which record his adventures. But Sterne also calls him 'Jack' in vol. i., ch. xiv. of *Tristram Shandy*.

No. 2, page 10.—*Mr. Bickerstaff Visits a Friend* (continued).—The latter part of this paper was written by Addison. 'It would seem [to quote Mr. 'Forster once more] as though Steele felt himself 'unable to proceed, and his friend had taken the pen 'from his trembling hand.'—(*ib.*, p. 141.)

'Favonius' (p. 11), as Steele acknowledges in the 'Preface' to the *Tatler* of 1710 (vol. iv.), was Dr. George Smalridge, at that time Lecturer of St. Dunstan's, Fleet Street, and ultimately Bishop of Bristol. He took part, on the side of the ancients, in the Boyle and Bentley controversy. Macaulay, in the life of Atterbury which he wrote in 1853 for the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, calls him 'the humane and accom-'plished Smalridge.' There is an excellent print of him by Vertue after Kneller (1724).

No. 3, page 17.—*The Trumpet Club.*—'Jack 'Ogle' (p. 20) was a noted gambler and duellist. On one occasion, having lost his "martial cloak" at play, he came to muster in his landlady's red petticoat. The Duke of Monmouth, who was in the secret, ordered the troop to cloak. 'Gentlemen,' bawled the unabashed Ogle, 'if I can't cloak, I can petticoat with 'the best of you!' This is the Bencher's story.

Mr.

Mr. Bickerstaff's 'maid with a lanthorn' (p. 22) throws a curious light upon the dim nocturnal London of 1710, where only in the more frequented thoroughfares,

'—— oily rays,
'Shot from the crystal lamp, o'erspread the ways.'

For some of its many perils to belated pedestrians, consult Gay's *Trivia*, Bk. iii., l. 335 *et seq.*

The *Trumpet* was a public-house in Sheer- or Shire-Lane, by Temple Bar, where the New Law Courts now stand. It still existed as the *Duke of York* in Leigh Hunt's time.—(*The Town*, 1848, i., 148.)

No. 4, page 24.—*The Political Upholsterer.*—King Augustus of Poland (p. 25) was deposed in 1704; Charles XII. of Sweden (p. 26) was wounded in a skirmish on the banks of the Vórskla before Poltáva, June 28th, 1709. The winter muff for men (p. 25) which figures among the 'shabby super-'fluities' of the Upholsterer's costume, although of anterior date, is not often referred to so early. Examples of it are to be seen in Hogarth's *Swearing a Child* (1735), *Rake's Progress* (1735), Pl. iv., and *Taste in High Life* (1742). But it was most in fashion twenty or thirty years later. In November 1766, my Lord of March and Ruglen (the March of the *Virginians*) writes thus to George Selwyn at Paris:—'The muff you sent me by the Duke of Richmond I 'like prodigiously; vastly better than if it had been '*tigré*, or of any glaring colour: several are now 'making

'making after it.'—(Jesse's *Selwyn*, 1843, ii., 71; see also Goldsmith's *Bee*, 1759, No. ii., 'On Dress.')

Fielding's comedy of the *Coffee-House Politician*, 1730, has certain affinities with this paper; and Arthur Murphy's farce of *The Upholsterer; or, What News?* 1758, is said to have been based upon it. It has also been alleged that Mr. Thomas Arne, an upholsterer at the sign of the 'Two Crowns and 'Cushions,' in King Street, Covent Garden, father of Arne the musician, and Mrs. Cibber the tragic actress, was the person here satirised by Addison. In identifications of this sort, however, the following passage may well be borne in mind:—'To 'prevent, therefore, any such malicious applications, 'I declare here, once for all, I describe not men, but 'manners; not an individual, but a species. Perhaps 'it will be answered, Are not the characters then 'taken from life? To which I answer in the affirma-'tive; nay, I believe I might aver that I have writ 'little more than I have seen.'—(*Joseph Andrews*, Bk. iii., ch. i.)

No. 5, page 31.—*Tom Folio.*—Rightly or wrongly (see previous note), 'Tom Folio' has been said to be intended for Thomas Rawlinson, a famous book-lover of the Eighteenth Century. According to Dibdin, he was 'a very extraordinary character, and most des-'perately addicted to book-hunting. Because his own 'house was not large enough, he hired *London House*, 'in Aldersgate Street, for the reception of his library, 'and here he used to regale himself with the sight

'and

'and the scent of innumerable black-letter volumes, 'arranged in "sable garb," and stowed perhaps '"three-deep," from the bottom to the top of his 'house. He died in 1725; and Catalogues of his 'books for sale continued, for nine successive years, 'to meet the public eye.'—(*The Bibliomania; or, Book-Madness*, 1809, p. 33.)

The quotation (p. 36) is from Boileau's fourth satire, addressed in 1664 to Monsieur l'Abbé le Vayer.

No. 6, page 37.—*Ned Softly the Poet.*—Although the fact seems to have escaped Chalmers and the earlier annotators, Addison must plainly have been thinking of Scene IX. of *Les Précieuses Ridicules* when he penned this pleasant piece of raillery:—

'Mascarille.—*Avez-vous remarqué ce commencement:* 'Oh! oh? *Voilà qui est extraordinaire:* oh, oh! *Comme* '*un homme qui s'avise tout d'un coup:* oh, oh! *La sur-*'*prise:* oh, oh!

'Madelon.—*Oui, je trouve ce* oh, oh! *admirable.*

'Mascarille.—*Il semble que cela ne soit rien.*

'Cathos.—*Ah! mon Dieu, que dites-vous? Ce sont là* '*de ces sortes de choses qui ne se peuvent payer.*

'Madelon.—*Sans doute; et j'aimerois mieux avoir fait* '*ce* oh, oh! *qu'un poëme épique.*'—(*Les Grands Écrivains de la France: Molière*, 1875, ii., 86.)

No. 7, page 44.—*Recollections of Childhood.*—There is a stanza in Prior's poem of *The Garland*, which

which has a superficial resemblance to Steele's words at p. 49 respecting his first love:—

> 'At Dawn poor STELLA danc'd and sung;
> 'The am'rous Youth around Her bow'd:
> 'At Night her fatal Knell was rung;
> 'I saw, and kiss'd Her in her Shroud.'

The Garland is not included in Prior's *Poems on Several Occasions*, 1709; but it appears at p. 91 of the *folio* of 1718. It is therefore just possible that the lines may have been suggested by Steele's paper.

Garraway's Coffee-House (p. 50), where 'merchants 'most did congregate,' was in Exchange Alley, Cornhill; and, in the original *folio* issue of this '*Tatler*,' there is a long advertisement of the coming sale of '46 Hogsheads and One half of extraordinary French 'Claret,' for which Steele's concluding paragraph is no doubt a 'puff collateral.'

Comparing the treatment of Death by Swift, Addison, and Steele, Mr. Thackeray selected the second paragraph of this essay for its characteristic contrast to Addison's 'lonely serenity' and Swift's 'savage 'indignation:'—'The third, whose theme is Death, 'too, and who will speak his word of moral as 'Heaven teaches him, leads you up to his father's 'coffin, and shews you his beautiful mother weeping, 'and himself an unconscious little boy wondering at 'her side. His own natural tears flow as he takes 'your hand, and confidingly asks for your sympathy. '"See how good and innocent and beautiful women '"are," he says, "how tender little children! Let '"us love these and one another, brother—God '"knows

'"knows we have need of love and pardon."'—(*The English Humourists of the Eighteenth Century: Steele*, 1853, p. 149.)

No. 8, page 51.—*Adventures of a Shilling.*—Hawkesworth copied this idea in the *Adventurer*, No. 43, substituting a halfpenny for a shilling, and later Charles Johnstone amplified it into *Chrysal; or, the Adventures of a Guinea*, 1760-5. The inventive 'friend' of the first lines was Swift. In the *Journal to Stella*, Dec. 14, 1710, he refers to the paper, saying that he did not do more than give the 'hint and two 'or three general heads for it.'

The allusion to 'Westminster Hall' (p. 54) suggests Lloyd's lines in the *Law Student*—

> 'Tis not enough each morn, on Term's approach,
> 'To club your legal threepence for a coach,'

but they belong to a later date. 'A monstrous pair of 'breeches' (p. 56) is said to refer to the hose-like shields on the Commonwealth coinage. John Phillips, author of *The Splendid Shilling* (p. 57), died in 1708.

No. 9, page 59.—*Frozen Voices.*—According to Tickell, Steele assisted in this paper. Its germ may perhaps be traced to Rabelais, Book iv., Chaps. 55, 56 (i.e.—'*Comment en haulte mer Pantagruel ouyt diuerses 'parolles desgelees*,' and '*Comment, entre les parolles 'gelees*

'*gelees, Pantagruel trouua des motz de gueulle*);' or to the following passage from Heylyn's description of Muscovie :—'This excesse of cold in the ayre, gaue 'occasion to *Castilian* in his *Aulicus*, wittily & not 'incongruously to faine ; that if two men being 'somewhat distant, talke together in the winter, 'their words will be so frozen, that they cannot bee 'heard : but if the parties in the spring returne to 'the same place, their words wil melt in the same 'order that they were frozen and spoken, & be 'plainely vnderstood.'—(Μικροκοσμος, *a little Description of the great World*, 4th edn., 1629, p. 345.)*

The episode of the Frenchmen's kit (p. 65) may be compared with the later account in Munchhausen of the postillion's horn that began to play of its own accord when hung in the chimney corner :—'Suddenly we heard a *Tereng! tereng! teng! teng!* 'We looked round, and now found the reason why 'the postillion had not been able to sound his horn ; 'his tunes were frozen up in the horn, and came out 'now by thawing, plain enough, and much to the

* Heylyn must have quoted from memory, for *Castilian's* (Castiglione's) story, which is too long for reproduction, differs in some respects from the above.—(See *Il Cortegiano, or the Courtier*, Italian and English, London, 1727, Bk. ii., p. 189.) But the idea is probably much earlier than any of the writers named. In *Notes and Queries* for 1850 will be found a full discussion of this question, for reference to which, as well as for many other friendly services that deserve more prominent recognition than a footnote, we are indebted to the kindness of Mr. R. F. Sketchley, Keeper of the Dyce and Forster Library at South Kensington.

'credit

'credit of the driver: so that the honest fellow enter-
'tained us for some time with a variety of tunes,
'without putting his mouth to the horn—The King
'of Prussia's march—Over the hill and over the dale
'—with many other favourite tunes: at length the
'thawing entertainment concluded, as I shall this
'short account of my Russian travels.'—(*The Surprising Travels and Adventures of Baron Munchhausen*, Hughes's edn., no date, p. 19. The book was first published by Kearsley in 1786.)

No. 10, page 67.—*Stage Lions.*—Nicolino Grimaldi, or 'Nicolini,' came to London in 1708, and in the *Tatler* of January 3, 1710 (No. 115) Steele gives a highly favourable account of his powers. He had not only a good voice, but, as Addison also admits (p. 72), he was a good actor as well; and Cibber thought 'that no Singer, since his Time, had so 'justly and gracefully acquitted himself, in whatever 'Character he appear'd, as *Nicolini*.'—(*An Apology for the Life of Mr. Colley Cibber, Comedian*, 1740, p. 225.) There is a further reference to him in No. 405 of the *Spectator*.

Hydaspes (p. 68) was first produced on May 23, 1710. Being thrown naked to a lion, the hero, after an operatic combat *selon les règles*, strangles his opponent.

No. 11, page 73.—*Meditations in Westminster Abbey.*—Bird's Monument to Sir Cloudesly Shovel (p. 72)

(p. 72) is in the south aisle of the Choir. The concluding paragraph of this paper may be contrasted with another classic passage:—'O Eloquent, Just 'and Mighty Death! whom none could advise, thou 'hast perswaded; what none hath dared, thou hast 'done; and whom all the World hath flattered, thou 'only hast cast out of the World and despised: thou 'hast drawn together all the far stretched Greatness, 'all the Pride, Cruelty and Ambition of Man, and 'covered it all over with these two narrow words, '*Hîc jacet*.' The grave words of Addison pale beside the grave words of Raleigh, and the difference in style is the difference between the Eighteenth Century and the Seventeenth. Unfortunately, the *History of the World* is not entirely of a piece with the above quotation.

No. 12, page 79.—*The Exercise of the Fan.*—The first suggestion of this essay, like some others by Addison, is due to Steele (see the account of the Fan which the 'beauteous Delamira' resigns to the 'matchless Virgulta' in the *Tatler* for August 9, 1709, No. 52). The following verses by Atterbury, which Steele quotes in *Tatler* No. 239, may also have been in Addison's mind:—

'*Flavia* the least and slightest toy
'Can with resistless art employ.
'This fan in meaner hands would prove
'An engine of small force in love;
'But she with such an air and mien,
'Not to be told, or safely seen,

'Directs

'Directs its wanton motions so,
'That it wounds more than *Cupid's* bow;
'Gives coolness to the matchless dame,
'To ev'ry other breast a flame.'

A more modern illustration of the use of this dangerous weapon is to be found in the Spanish experiences of *Contarini Fleming* (part v., ch. 6):—'But the fan 'is the most wonderful part of the whole scene. A 'Spanish lady, with her fan, might shame the tactics 'of a troop of horse. Now she unfurls it with the 'slow pomp and conscious elegance of the bird of 'Juno; now she flutters it with all the languor of a 'listless beauty, now with all the liveliness of a vivacious one. Now, in the midst of a very tornado, 'she closes it with a whirr, which makes you start. '. . . . Magical instrument! In this land it speaks 'a particular language, and gallantry requires no 'other mode to express its most subtle conceits or 'its most unreasonable demands than this delicate 'machine.' 'Machine' and 'tactics' read a little suspiciously; and it may be that Lord Beaconsfield in turn remembered his *Spectator*.

No. 13, page 85.—*Will Wimble.*—Steele's first outline of Sir Roger is here printed as it appears in the *folio* issue of the *Spectator* (No. 2, March 2, 1711):—

'The first of our Society is a Gentleman of *Worcestershire*, of ancient Descent, a Baronet, his Name 'Sir ROGER DE COVERLY. His great Grandfather 'was Inventor of that famous Country-Dance which 'is call'd after him. All who know that Shire, are

'very

'very well acquainted with the Parts and Merits of 'Sir ROGER. He is a Gentleman that is very singu-'lar in his Behaviour, but his Singularities proceed 'from his good Sense, and are Contradictions to 'the Manners of the World, only as he thinks the 'World is in the wrong. However, this Humour 'creates him no Enemies, for he does nothing with 'Sowerness or Obstinacy; and his being unconfined 'to Modes and Forms, makes him but the readier 'and more capable to please and oblige all who know 'him. When he is in Town he lives in *Soho-Square:* 'It is said, he keeps himself a Batchelour by reason 'he was crossed in Love, by a perverse beautiful 'Widow of the next County to him. Before this 'Disappointment, Sir ROGER was what you call a fine 'Gentleman, had often supped with my Lord *Rochester* 'and Sir *George Etherege,* fought a Duel upon his 'first coming to Town, and kick'd Bully *Dawson* 'in a publick Coffee-house for calling him Youngster. 'But being ill-used by the above-mentioned Widow, 'he was very serious for a Year and a half; and tho' 'his Temper being naturally jovial, he at last got 'over it, he grew careless of himself, and never 'dressed afterwards; he continues to wear a Coat 'and Doublet of the same Cut that were in Fashion 'at the Time of his Repulse, which, in his merry 'Humours, he tells us, has been in and out twelve 'Times since he first wore it. . . . . He is now 'in his Fiftysixth Year, cheerful, gay, and hearty; 'keeps a good House both in Town and Country; 'a great Lover of Mankind; but there is such a 'mirthful Cast in his Behaviour, that he is rather

'beloved

'beloved than esteemed: His Tenants grow rich, 'his Servants look satisfied, all the young Women 'profess Love to him, and the young Men are glad of 'his Company: When he comes into a House he 'calls the Servants by their Names, and talks all the 'Way up Stairs to a Visit. I must not omit that Sir 'ROGER is a Justice of the *Quorum*; that he fills the 'Chair at a Quarter-Session with great Abilities, and 'three Months ago, gain'd universal Applause by 'explaining a Passage in the Game-Act.' The character thus generally sketched, was subsequently elaborated, though not without certain discrepancies, into one of the most popular personages of fiction. The lion's share of the work was Addison's, Steele's contributions being only seven in number. Budgell and Tickell also assisted. (See No. 15, *Sir Roger de Coverley Hare-Hunting*, and note to No. 21, *Death of Sir Roger de Coverley*.)

Sir John Pakington, a Tory Knight of Worcestershire, has been named as the original of Sir Roger; while the death of the reputed prototype of Will. Wimble is thus recorded in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1741, p. 387:—'*July* 2. At *Dublin*, Mr. *Tho. More-* '*croft*, a Baronet's younger Son, the Person men- 'tioned by the Spectator in the Character of *Will.* '*Wimble*.' But, for the reasons given in a previous note, no real importance can be attached to either of these indications. It is much more likely, as suggested by Mr. W. Henry Wills (*Sir Roger de Coverley*, 1850, p. 193), that the character of Wimble grew out of a hint of Steele's.—(See account of 'Mr. 'Thomas Gules of Gule Hall,' *Tatler*, No. 256.)

No.

No. 14, page 91.—*Sir Roger de Coverley's Ancestors.*—In Fisher's *Ground Plan of Whitehall*, 1680, the Tilt-Yard (p. 92) is shewn facing the Banqueting House, and extending to the right. Jenny Man's 'Tilt-Yard Coffee House,' to which Sir Roger refers, is said to have stood on the site at present occupied by the Paymaster General's Office, and still existed in 1819. Now (1882), the Paymaster General's itself is to be pulled down, and in a brief space of time fresh structures will again arise upon the spot where the Knight's ancestor manipulated his adversary with such 'laudable Courtesy and pardonable Inso-'lence.' As Bramston sings:—

'What's not destroy'd by Time's devouring hand?
'Where's Troy, and where's the may-pole in the Strand?'

A 'White-pot' (p. 94), according to Halliwell, is a dish made of cream, sugar, rice, cinnamon, &c., formerly much eaten in Devonshire. Gay, who came from that county, thus refers to it in the *Shepherd's Week*, 1714:—

'*Pudding* our Parson eats, the Squire loves *Hare*,
'But *White-pot* thick is my *Buxoma's* Fare.'
—*Monday; or, the Squabble.*

No. 15, page 98.—*Sir Roger de Coverley Hare-Hunting.*—As to Sir Roger's solicitude with respect to the voices of his dogs, compare Somervile's *Chace*, 1735, Bk. i. p. 18:—

'But above all take heed, nor mix thy Hounds
'Of diff'rent Kinds; discordant sounds shall grate
'Thy Ears offended, and a lagging Line
'Of babbling Curs disgrace thy broken Pack.'

The

The concluding portion of this paper, on the advantages of hunting, has been omitted.

No. 16, page 105.—*The Citizen's Journal.*—The 'falling of a pewter dish' (p. 109) suggests an eighteenth-century detail hardly realizable in these days, namely, the scarcity of common earthenware. Plates, basins, spoons, flagons,—everything was pewter. Some quaint illustrations of this are to be found in a very interesting article on 'Mrs. Harris's House-'hold Book' which appeared in the *Saturday Review* for January 21st, 1882. 'Brooke [not "Brook's"] 'and Hellier' (p. 111) were Wine-Merchants in 'Basing lane near Bread-Street,' who frequently advertised in the *Spectator* (see Nos. 150 *et seq.*, original issue), a fact which probably accounts for their presence in the text, here and elsewhere, as neither Steele nor Addison seem to have been averse to 'back-'ing of their friends.'

Every club or coffee-house (we must assume) had its private oracle, who, at Will's or the Grecian,

> 'Like *Cato*, gave his little Senate laws,
> 'And sat attentive to his own applause;'

or like Mr. Nisby, in the humbler houses of call,

> 'Emptied his pint, and sputter'd his decrees,'

through a cloud of Virginia.

'Laced Coffee'—it is perhaps needless to add—is coffee dashed with spirits.

No.

No. 17, page 113.—*The Fine Lady's Journal.* —'Bohea' (p. 115), in Clarinda's time, was 20*s.* a lb. (see the 'Private Account Book of Isabella, Duchess of 'Grafton,' in the *Hanmer Correspondence*, 1838, p. 239). 'Aurengzebe' (p. 116) was an heroic play produced by Dryden in 1675; 'Indamora' (p. 117) was the name of the heroine. For Nicolini, see Note to No. 10, *Stage Lions*. The 'dumb man' (p. 119) was Duncan Campbell, a fashionable fortune-teller, whose head-quarters in 1712 (see *Spectator*, No. 474) were at the 'Golden Lion' in Drury Lane. De Foe compiled a popular life of him, which Curll published in 1720. He was then 'living in *Exeter Court*, 'over against the Savoy, in the Strand,' and still prospering with the credulous. As to 'Lady Betty 'Modely's skuttle' (p. 117), and 'Mobs' (p. 119), Chalmers has two highly edifying notes. He explains the former to be 'a pace of affected precipita-'tion,' and the latter 'a huddled œconomy of dress 'so called.' 'Mobs' were in vogue long after the date of this paper. They are referred to as late as 1773 or 4 in those dancing couplets which Goldsmith wrote to pretty Mrs. Bunbury at Barton, and which were first given to the world in the *Hanmer Correspondence*, p. 382:—

'Both are plac'd at the bar, with all proper decorum,
'With bunches of fennell, and nosegays before 'em;
'Both cover their faces with *mobs*, and all that,
'But the judge bids them, angrily, take off their hat.'

The authorship of the celebrated epitaph 'On the 'Countess Dowager of Pembroke' (p. 120) still remains

mains 'uncertain.' In the original issue of this essay Addison assigned it to Ben Jonson, in whose works it was included by his first editor Whalley, whom Gifford follows (Jonson's *Works*, 1816, viii., p. 337). In the previous year (1815) Sir Egerton Brydges, when editing his *Original Poems, never before published, by William Browne* (the author of *Britannia's Pastorals*), had thought himself justified in claiming it for that author, because he had found it, with a second stanza, in a collection of poems purporting to be by Browne, which forms part of the Lansdowne MSS. (No. 777, Art. i.) Of this version the following is a textual copy from the MS. (fol. 43):—

'Vndernеath this sable Herse
'Lyes the subiect of all verse
'Sydneyes sister Pembrokes mother
'Death ere thou hast slaine another
'ffaire & Learn'd & good as she
'Tyme shall throw a dart at thee.

'Marble pyles let no man raise
'To her name for after dayes
'Some kind woman borne as she
'Reading this like Niobe
'Shall turne Marble & become
'Both her Mourner & her Tombe.'

Browne was on intimate terms with William, Earl of Pembroke, here referred to. But, oddly enough, the foregoing verses (and this assumes the existence of another MS. copy) are to be found among what are described as Pembroke's own poems, printed with Rudyard's in 1660 by the younger Donne, and reprinted

printed by Brydges in 1817. In this collection, however, they do not, according to Brydges, bear Pembroke's initial; and as the volume also contains several pieces which have been traced to well-known writers (see Hannah's *Poems by Sir Henry Wotton, Sir Walter Raleigh, and others*, 1845, p. lxi.), Pembroke's claim to any hand in them, improbable on other grounds, may fairly be dismissed. The choice therefore lies between Jonson, to whom tradition assigns them, and Browne, in whose MS. poems they appear. From the inferior and even contradictory character of the second stanza, editors have naturally hesitated to give Jonson the credit of it. But this is to insist a little too much upon great authors being always equal to themselves. If, as we cannot but believe, he wrote the first verse, it is not impossible that he also wrote the second, only discarding it perhaps when it was too late to suppress it entirely. At all events, the 'sable Herse' of line i. seems to anticipate the 'Marble pyles' of line vii.; and the fact that, in addition to the two cases mentioned above, 'both parts are found in 'many ancient copies—*e.g.*, in Sancroft's Collection, 'MS. Tann. 465, fol. 62; and in MS. Ashm. 781, 'p. 152' (Hannah, *ut supra*, p. lxii.), is in favour of their being the work of one and the same writer, whether it be Browne or Jonson.

No. 18, page 121.—*Sir Roger de Coverley at the Play.*—*The Distrest Mother* (p. 121), the new play referred to, was a dull and decorous version by Ambrose

Ambrose Philips of Racine's *Andromaque*. Fielding burlesqued it in the *Covent Garden Tragedy*, 1732. The part of Andromache was taken by Pope's 'Nar-'cissa,' Mrs. Oldfield; and Addison and Budgell furnished a highly popular Epilogue. Steele, who wrote the Prologue, had already praised the piece in an earlier *Spectator* (No. 290). *The Committee; or, the Faithful Irishman*, 1665 (p. 121), was a play by Sir Robert Howard, Dryden's brother-in-law. Captain Sentry (p. 122) was Sir Roger's nephew and heir. (See No. 21, *Death of Sir Roger de Coverley*.)

The 'Mohocks' or Mohawks (p. 122) of whom mention was made in the *Fine Lady's Journal*, were a club or 'nocturnal fraternity,' who perpetrated all kinds of brutal excesses. There is a letter giving a particular account of them in No. 324 of the *Spectator*. Swift also writes:—'Did I tell you of a race 'of rakes, called the Mohocks, that play the devil 'about this town every night, slit people's noses and 'beat them, etc.?' Again, 'Our Mohocks go on 'still, and cut people's faces every night. 'Faith, 'they shan't cut mine: I like it better as it is. The 'dogs will cost me at least a crown a week in chairs. 'I believe the souls of your houghers of cattle have got 'into them, and now they don't distinguish between 'a cow and a Christian.' (*Journal to Stella*, Forster's corrected text, March 8 and 26, 1712.) What would Swift have said to the 'houghers of cattle' to-day?

No. 19, page 128.—*A Day's Ramble in London.*—The old 'Stocks Market' (p. 130), a view of which

which by Joseph Nichols, shewing the statue of Charles II. trampling upon Oliver Cromwell, was engraved in 1738, stood on the site of the present Mansion House; and 'Strand Bridge' (p. 130) was at the foot of Strand Lane, between King's College and Surrey Street. There was a 'Dark-house' (p. 130) in Billingsgate; but it can scarcely be the one here referred to. 'James Street' (p. 132) is James Street, Covent Garden.

The 'Silkworm' of this *Voyage ou il vous plaira* still survived at the close of the century in Cowper's

> '—— Miss, the mercer's plague, from shop to shop
> 'Wandering, and littering with unfolded silks
> 'The polished counter, and approving none,
> 'Or promising with smiles to call again.'
> —(*Task*, Bk. vi.);

—nor is the race even now extinct. Steele's frank admiration for female beauty is one of the most engaging features in his papers. A subsequent *Spectator* (No. 510) begins thus:—'I was the other Day 'driving in an Hack thro' *Gerard-Street*, when my 'Eye was immediately catch'd with the prettiest 'Object imaginable, the Face of a very fair Girl, 'between Thirteen and Fourteen, fixed at the Chin 'to a painted Sash, and made part of the Lanskip. 'It seem'd admirably done, and upon throwing my-'self eagerly out of the Coach to look at it, it laugh'd, 'and flung from the Window. This amiable Figure 'dwelt upon me,'—and so forth. See also the episode of the beautiful Amazon of Enfield Chase in *Tatler*, No.

No. 248. One wonders a little if 'Dearest Prue' ever studied these particular essays.

No. 20, page 138.—*Dick Estcourt: In Memoriam.*—Estcourt was buried in the South Aisle of St. Paul's, Covent Garden, on the day this paper was issued (August 27th, 1712).* Another contemporary and eye-witness of his performances closely confirms Steele's words respecting his imitative powers. 'This 'Man was so amazing and extraordinary a Mimick, 'that no Man or Woman, from the Coquette to the 'Privy-Councillor, ever mov'd or spoke before him, 'but he could carry their Voice, Look, Mien, and 'Motion, instantly into another Company: I have 'heard him make long Harangues, and form various 'Arguments, even in the Manner of Thinking, of an 'eminent Pleader at the Bar, with every the least 'Article and Singularity of his Utterance so perfectly 'imitated, that he was the very *alter ipse*, scarce to be 'distinguish'd from his Original.'—(*An Apology for the Life of Mr. Colley Cibber, Comedian*, 1740, p. 69.) Yet Cibber goes on to say that these qualities deserted him upon the stage; and that he was on the whole 'a languid, unaffecting Actor.'

The *Northern Lasse* (p. 142), first acted in 1632, was by Richard Brome; the *Tender Husband*, 1703 (p. 142), was Steele's own. There are other references to Estcourt in Nos. 264, 358 and 370 of the Spectator.

* The date of Estcourt's burial has been obligingly supplied by Colonel Jos. L. Chester.

He

He acted as Providore of the famous *Beef-Steak Club*, and wore a golden gridiron as his badge of office.

No. 21, page 145.—*Death of Sir Roger de Coverley.*—'The reason which induced Cervantes to 'bring his hero to the grave, *para mi sola nacio Don 'Quixote, y yo para el*, made Addison declare, with 'undue vehemence of expression, that he would kill 'Sir Roger, being of opinion that they were born for 'one another, and that any other hand would do him 'wrong.'—(Johnson's *Lives*, by Cunningham, ii., 134). Johnson's statement is based upon a passage in Budgell's *Bee*, 1733, No. 1. There is also a tradition that Addison was displeased by certain liberties taken with his favourite character in No. 410 of the *Spectator*, supposed to be by Tickell. If this be so, his resentment was somewhat tardily exhibited, for there is an interval of four months between the paper referred to, and the present essay. The true ground for Sir Roger's death is probably to be found in the fact that Steele was preparing to wind up vol. vii.—(See *Introduction*, p. xiv.)

No. 22, page 151.—*The Tory Foxhunter.*—The reader is referred to Mr. Caldecott's humorous frontispiece. The huge overfed horseman, with his jolting seat and noisy laugh, is surely a creation worthy of Addison's text. Will not Mr. Caldecott some day give us a series of studies from the Essayists? He seems

seems to seize the very spirit of the age: other men draw its dress.

'Dyer's Letter' (p. 154) was a news-letter, having a blank page for correspondence. In No. 127 of the *Spectator* Sir Roger is represented as reading it aloud each morning to his guests. There was another issued by Ichabod Dawks (*Tatler*, No. 178). That elegant Latinist, Mr. Smith, of *Phædra and Hippolitus* fame (see Note to No. 28), put them both into verse:—

'Scribe securus, quid agit Senatus,
'Quid caput stertit grave Lambethanum,
'Quid Comes Guildford, quid habent novorum
'*Dawks*que *Dyer*que.'

No. 23, page 160.—*A Modern Conversation.*—Lord Chesterfield's sketch of his academic friend may be compared with Thomas Warton's *Journal of a Senior Fellow* (also of Cambridge) in No. 33 of *The Idler*,—a paper that would have found a place in this collection but for its evident relationship to Addison's earlier *Journals* (Nos. 16, and 17). Warton had already satirised the easy, inglorious life of the average College don of the period in his 'Progress of Dis-'content,' the first version of which appeared in the *Student* of June 30, 1750:—

'Return, ye days, when endless pleasure
'I found in reading, or in leisure!
'When calm around the common room
'I puff'd my daily pipe's perfume!
'Rode for a stomach, and inspected,
'At annual bottlings, corks selected:

'And

> 'And din'd untax'd, untroubled, under
> 'The portrait of our pious Founder!'
> —(*Poetical Works*, ii., 1802, p. 197.)

'The late Dr. [George] Cheyne' (p. 168) died in April, 1743. His *English Malady* (*i.e.*, Hypochondria), published in 1733, is more than once referred to in Boswell's *Johnson*, and he was the friend of Richardson. His last book was dedicated to Chesterfield. In Gillray's well-known *Temperance enjoying a Frugal Meal*, 1792, which represents King George III. and Queen Charlotte at breakfast on eggs and salad, 'Dr. 'Cheyne on the Benefits of a Spare Diet' is a prominent object in the foreground.

No. 24, page 169.—*A Modern Conversation* (*continued*).—By 'Chaos wine' (p. 172) Colonel Culverin is explained to have meant 'Cahors.' The 'Bottle Act' (p. 174) referred to was, in all probability, the Act of 1753 for preventing wines from being brought into the port of London without paying the London duty. Next to London, Bristol was the largest importer of wines, and a centre of the glass bottle trade, which may account for its connection with the toast; but the allusion is obscure. The 'Jew Bill' (p. 174) was the unpopular measure for naturalising the Jews which was passed and repealed in 1753. Lord Chesterfield approved it, and regarded its repeal as a concession to the mob.—(*Letters*, Nov. 26, 1753.) There are many satirical prints relating to this subject in the British Museum; and

and in Hogarth's *Election Entertainment*, 1755, a hook-nosed effigy, with a placard round its neck inscribed 'No Jews,' is conspicuous among the objects seen through the open window.

No. 25, page 178.—*The Squire in Orders.*—To be 'japanned' (p. 179) is 'Eighteenth-Century' for being ordained. When Sir William Trelawney found he could only assist his *protegé* and medical adviser, John Wolcot (afterwards 'Peter Pindar'), by giving him a living, he sent him from Jamaica to England to 'get himself japanned.' Wolcot's brief clerical career was of a piece with this beginning. His congregation, chiefly negroes, frequently failed to attend, and on these occasions, he used to while away the service-time on the shore by shooting ring-tailed pigeons with his clerk.

As a pendant to 'Mr. Village's' picture, we subjoin Fielding's portrait (*Champion*, February 26, 1740) of another kind of 'country parson'—a portrait which its author affirms to have been taken from the life:—

'Sometime since I went with my wife to pay a 'visit to a country clergyman, who hath a living of 'somewhat above £100 a year. In his youth he had 'sacrificed a Fellowship in one of the Universities, to 'marry a very agreeable woman, who with a small 'fortune had had a very good education. Soon after 'his marriage he was presented to the living, of which 'he is now incumbent. Since his coming hither, he 'hath improv'd the Parsonage-house and garden, both 'which are now in the neatest order. At our arri-

'val,

'val, we were met at the gate by the clergyman and 'two of his sons. After telling us with the most 'cheerful voice and countenance that he was extremely 'glad to see us, he took my wife down in his arms, 'and committing our two horses to the care of his 'sons, he conducted us into a little neat parlour, where 'a table was spread for our entertainment. Here the 'good woman and her eldest daughter receiv'd us 'with many hearty expressions of kindness, and very 'earnest desires that we would take something to 'refresh ourselves before dinner. Upon this a bottle 'of Mead was produc'd, which was of their own 'making, and very good in its kind. Dinner soon 'follow'd, being a gammon of bacon and some 'chickens, with a most excellent apple-pye. My 'friend excused himself from not treating me with a 'roasted pig (a dish I am particularly fond of) by 'telling us that as times were hard, he had relin-'quish'd those Tithes to his parishioners. Our 'liquors were the aforesaid mead, elder wine, with 'strong beer, ale, &c., all perfectly good, and which 'our friends exprest great pleasure at our drinking 'and liking. After a meal spent with the utmost 'cheerfulness, we walked into a little, neat garden, 'where we passed the afternoon with the gayest and 'most innocent mirth, the good man and good 'woman, their sons and daughters, all vying with 'one another, who should shew us the greatest signs 'of respect, and of their forwardness to help us to 'anything they had.

'The economy of these good people may be instruc-'tive to some, as well as entertaining to all my readers.

'The

'The clergyman, who is an excellent scholar, is 'himself the school-master to his boys (which are 'three in number). As soon as the hours, appointed 'for their studies, are over, the master and all the 'scholars employ themselves at work either in the 'garden, or some other labour about the house, while 'the little woman is no less industrious in her sphere 'with her two daughters within. Thus the furniture 'of their house, their garden, their table, and their 'cellar, are almost all the work of their own hands; 'and the sons grow at once robust and learned, while 'the daughters become housewives, at the same time 'that they learn of their mother several of the gen-'teeler accomplishments.

'Love and friendship were never in greater purity 'than between this good couple, and as they both 'have the utmost tenderness for their children, so 'they meet with the greatest returns of gratitude and 'respect from them. Nay the whole parish is by 'their example the family of love, of which they 'daily receive instances from their spiritual guide, 'and which hath such an effect on them, that I 'believe—*communibus annis*—he receives voluntarily 'from his parishioners more than his due, though not 'half so much as he deserves.'—(Edn. 1741, i. 310.)

It will be noted that, so far from being

'passing rich with forty pounds a year,'

one of these clergymen has £300, and the other has £100 per annum.

No.

No. 26, page 186.—*Country Congregations.*—This paper of Cowper's is a little in the vein of Washington Irving's charming studies in the *Sketch-Book*. The 'Negligée,' the 'Slammerkin,' and the 'Trol-'lope,' or 'Trollopée' (p. 192), as may be guessed from the names, were loose gowns worn by ladies towards the middle of the Century. 'Mrs. Round-'about,' in Goldsmith's *Bee* (No. ii., Oct. 13, 1759), wears a 'lutestring trollopee' with a two yard train. The 'Joan' (p. 192) was a close cap—the reverse of a mob.

The 'two figures at St. Dunstan's' (*i.e.*, St. Dunstan's, Fleet Street) referred to at p. 188, are described as '2 Figures of Savages or wild Men, well carved in 'Wood, and painted natural Colour, appearing as big 'as the Life, standing erect, each with a knotty Club 'in his Hand, whereby they alternately strike the 'Quarters, not only their Arms, but even their Heads 'moving at every Blow.' The writer of the above, parish-clerk in 1732, goes on to say 'they are more 'admired by many of the Populace on *Sundays*, than 'the most elegant Preacher from the Pulpit within.' Cowper refers to them again in his *Table-Talk*, 1782.

No. 27, page 194.—*Dick Minim the Critic.*—*Phædra and Hippolitus* (p. 198), an adaptation by Edmund Smith of Racine's *Phédre*, was produced at the Haymarket, 21st April 1707, and acted four times. Addison wrote the Prologue; Prior the Epilogue. The former (*Spectator*, No. 18) calls it 'an admirable 'tragedy;' but it pleased the critics better than the pit.

pit. It was revived at Covent Garden in November 1754, which is perhaps an additional reason why Johnson remembered it here. *Barbarossa* (p. 199), produced at Drury Lane in the same year, was a tragedy by the Rev. Dr. Brown. In this play the bells for the midnight and the second watch are used as signals by the assassins of the chief character. *Cleone* (p. 199), also a tragedy, was by Robert Dodsley the bookseller, who published *London* and *the Vanity of Human Wishes*. It first came out at Covent Garden on December 2nd, 1758. Johnson regarded it as superior to Otway, and thus speaks of it in a letter to Bennet Langton, dated January 9th, 1759 :—'*Cleone* 'was well acted by all the characters, but Bellamy [*i.e.*, 'the blue-eyed and beautiful George Ann Bellamy, 'who, as the heroine, made the fortune of the piece] 'left nothing to be desired. I went the first night, 'and supported it as well as I might; for Doddy, you 'know, is my patron, and I would not desert him. 'The play was very well received. Doddy, after the 'danger was over, went every night to the stage-side, 'and cried at the distress of poor Cleone.'—(*Boswell's Life*, by Croker, Chap. XIII.)

Dick Minim would have rejoiced over the opening verse of *Enoch Arden*—

'Long lines of cliff *breaking* have left a chasm.'

No. 28, page 202.—*Dick Minim the Critic (continued)*.—In a forcible passage respecting translations, which is to be found in the 'Preface' to the *Dictionary*,

Dictionary, Johnson had already declared his aversion to tribunals of taste (p. 203):—'If an academy should 'be established for the cultivation of our style, which 'I, who can never wish to see dependance multiplied, 'hope the spirit of *English* liberty will hinder or 'destroy, let them, instead of compiling grammars 'and dictionaries, endeavour, with all their influence, 'to stop the licence of translators, whose idleness and 'ignorance, if it be suffered to proceed, will reduce us to 'babble a dialect of *France*.' The writer who, as Garrick expressed it with more patriotism than elegance,

'—— arm'd like a hero of yore,
'Had beat forty French, and would beat forty more,'

might perhaps be pardoned for a little self-satisfaction, M. Littré not having yet arisen as a formidable rival. But those who care to ascertain what the foremost English critic of our day has to say upon the same theme should turn to Mr. Matthew Arnold's paper on *The Literary Influence of Academies*.—(*Cornhill Magazine*, x., pp. 154-172.)

In Oldisworth's panegyric on Edmund Smith (see Note to No. 27) quoted by Johnson in his life of that author, there is a passage of which he may have been thinking when he wrote Minim's advice to aspiring youth (p. 206):—'When he was writing 'upon a subject, he would seriously consider what 'Demosthenes, Homer, Virgil, or Horace, if alive, 'would say upon that occasion, which whetted him 'to exceed himself as well as others.'—(*Lives of the Poets*, Cunningham's edn., ii., 46.)

No.

No. 29, page 209.—*Art-Connoisseurs.*—This Essay, and those on the *Grand Style of Painting*, and the *True Idea of Beauty* (*Idlers*, Nos. 79 and 82), were said by Northcote to be 'a kind of syllabus' of Sir Joshua's famous *Discourses*. The references in this paper to 'the flowing line, which constitutes 'grace and beauty,' and the 'pyramidal principle' (p. 211), would seem to be sidelong strokes at Hogarth's *Analysis*, 1753, which had its origin in the precept attributed to Michael Angelo that a figure should be always '*Pyramidall, Serpentlike*, and multi-'plied by one two and three.'—(Preface, p. v.)

No. 30, page 214.—*The Man in Black.*—The paper which immediately follows this one in the *Citizen of the World*, while professing to give the personal history of the 'Man in Black,' contains several particulars which belong to Goldsmith's own biography. 'Who can possibly doubt,' says Mr. Forster, 'the original from whom the man in black's expe-'riences were taken?' (*Citizen of the World*, xxvii.) 'The first opportunity he [my father] had of finding 'his expectations disappointed, was in the middling 'figure I made at the university: he had flattered 'himself that he should soon see me rising into the 'foremost rank in literary reputation, but was morti-'fied to find me utterly unnoticed and unknown. 'His disappointment might have been partly ascribed 'to his having over-rated my talents, and partly to 'my dislike of mathematical reasonings at a time when 'my imagination and memory, yet unsatisfied, were 'more

'more eager after new objects than desirous of reason-
'ing upon those I knew. This, however, did not
'please my tutor, who observed indeed that I was a
'little dull; but at the same time allowed that I
'seemed to be very good-natured, and had no harm
'in me.'—(*Life*, Bk. I., Chap. ii.)

No. 31, page 220.—*Beau Tibbs.*—This paper and the next, although included in the *Citizen of the World*, are here printed as revised in the *Essays by Mr. Goldsmith*, published by W. Griffin in 1765. 'It is supposed that this exquisite sketch had a living 'original in one of Goldsmith's casual acquaintance; 'a person named Thornton, once in the army.'—(Forster's *Life*, Bk. III., Chap. iv.)

No. 32, page 226.—*Beau Tibbs (continued.)*—As indicative of Goldsmith's fondness for the Christian names of little Miss Tibbs, Cunningham points out that he transfers them to a character of later date:—'Lady Blarney was particularly attached to Olivia; 'Miss Carolina Wilhelmina Amelia Skeggs (*I love 'to give the whole name*) took a greater fancy to her 'sister.'—(*Vicar of Wakefield*, Chap. xi.) The italics are ours.

No. 33, page 233.—*Beau Tibbs at Vauxhall.*—Vauxhall, much fallen and degraded, saw its 'posi-
'tively last' day in 1859. The fifteen hundred lamps,

lamps, the waterworks, and the French horns so dear to Mrs. Tibbs's Countess, had then long been things of the past; and those who wish to realise the splendours of the Rotunda, the 'magnificent 'orchestra of Gothic construction,' the mechanical landscape, the Grove, and the 'Lover's Walk,' must reconstruct them from the pages of Walpole and Miss Burney, or the designs of Wale and Canaletto. It is possible that those decorations of the pavilions which the much-suffering pawnbroker's widow admired were the very paintings which Hogarth and Hayman had executed for Jonathan Tyers as far back as 1732. They existed for many years subsequent to the date when Goldsmith wrote, being sold with other property in 1841. At that time they were said to be greatly 'obscured by dirt.' When it is added that they had long been exposed to the air, varnished every year, and freely assaulted by sandwich knives, it will be seen that their condition was indeed deplorable. But the little Beau would not have approved them at any stage; he would have shrugged his shoulders, rapped his box, and talked of the grand *contorno* of Alesso Baldovinetti.

Neither this admirable study in *genre* nor the *Man in Black* are included in Goldsmith's selected Essays of 1765. It is difficult to account for their absence except by that strange paternal blindness which also led Prior to omit from his collected poems the 'Secre-'tary' and the lines to a 'Child of Quality,' two of the pieces by which he is perhaps best known to readers of to-day.

No.

No. 34, page 241.—*A Country Dowager.*—This paper is printed from the edition of Mackenzie's works published at Edinburgh in 1808, and revised by the author.

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